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ODE

ON

THE GREAT
EXHIBITION,

1851.

(Thos' Leon Shuckard)

Ex paucis plurima concipit ingenium.



ODE

3821
26
30 Gloucester St.
Park St.
Camden Town
31st Dec. 1854



Sir,

I possess a neatly
printed ode on the Great Exhibⁿ,
privately distributed; also a
large and unique collection of
Trade cards & bills made in the
building at different visits - I

Encouragement, till all its work be done
For the Great Holiday!

am disposed to part with
the whole for five pounds.

An appointment may be
made to view same evenings -

I am,
Sir

Yours obed^t. Serv^t.
W^m. Lov^d. Shackard

W. Francis -
Vc Vc

W. Thackeray.

answered 3. Jan. /55. To see
title of the Ode

3821
26
NATIONAL
ART
LIBRARY

O D E

ON THE

GREAT EXHIBITION,
1851.

Awake! Awake! tell every nation's story!
Resound it's might!
Resound it's Glory!
And to the sight
Shew for one hour
The Harmony of Power.

The princely thought flies over every land,
And in each bosom owns mysterious sway:

The prospect near,
Of ALL in ONE,
Compels the tear,
Such as youngling poets know
Sweetest from the eye to flow,
Lending to Labour's honorable hand
Encouragement, till all its work be done
For the Great Holiday!

SCHOLIUM.

The poet exhorteth all persons to consider the real thought originating the Great Exhibition.

He suggesteth its sublimity.

And turneth
aside to be-
hold a noble
effort to
realize it.

The potent word,
Europe and all its aged thrones have heard,
Great Asia and the Isles,
Afric's sun-burnt clime,
America's spread plains !
North and the South, East and the West, have clung
To the grand thought as Hope ;
And Ancient Time,
While yet a somewhat of his life remains,
Bedecks his face with smiles,
As though he hung
In doting fondness o'er his offspring still,
Granting indulgent scope
To do their better will !

He descri-
beth the
bustle of the
peoples, and
singeth of
harvest
home.

Sublime Crusade !
Mocking all pageantries of old,
And shaming e'en the witchery of gold,
Call out thy muster-roll,
And with a world-wide soul,
Shew ye of what the universe is made !
Let all the nations see
The home of merry England,
Happy, free,
Land of wise love and liberty,
Rejoicing in her strength ;
Rejoicing more to view,
Whosoe'er they be,
The Free, and Fair, and True !

As to her hospitable shores
Come the bright stores ;
And, kindled by the new-found joy,
In every spot,
Throughout the length and breadth of her dear land,
Life's ages all,—the man, the boy,—
The maiden,—and the youth,
E'en in first love's awak'ning truth,
Are found
Strewing History's ground,
With flower-thoughts that die not !
Merrily, merrily, ding-dong the bells,
On they go, on they go, cheerily ringing !
This is the story their melody tells,—
Home and the joys it is ever a-bringing.
The village green
Hath donn'd the sheen,
And the sportive play
Of the gladsome May
Echoes over the mountains away and away !

The busy hum of Industry rebounds
Its many sounds ;
Early rising, late taking rest,
As the strong hours in its free service are pressed.
For now the magian's power hath fled,
And all his forms lie dead !
Another rule
In another school
By Reason hath been read !

Hespeaketh
of Science
ministering
to Art, and
unveilth a
brighter
dawn.

The work is begun,
And the watching Sun
Brighter shines as he sees it all done.
He hath lent the tide,
For the ocean-ride
Of the ships that sit proudly the waves astride,
As they bear to busy England's strand,
Peaceful things from every land.
Adding might to might,
To the ravished sight
Of souls that have been tuned aright !
All distant worlds look down and bless the hour,
And aiding with *their* power,
Proclaim as they shine in the purple sky,
That the first Great Gala of Earth is nigh !

X
He telleth
how the
created
createth.

Bring the dull treasures of sea and of shore !
More and still more
Into the heated cauldron pour !
The glad amaze
Sees the fierce blaze !
New forms are shaped out of new-found law !
And, after the tempest of the mind,
There, where confusion stormed we find
That Things that WERE NOT,—ARE !
Before the wondering eyes
The fair creations rise,
And even Seasons new
Come into view,

And all their teeming treasures bring
With this first bud of another Spring !

Of Iron and Glass
Erect the crowning dome,
That centuries as they pass
May see man's first united home,
And all his mighty heart,
Playing its happy part
Before the ages still to come !

'Tis well !

Obedied is the Law !

Children shall tell
Their children's children what they saw !

As well
beautiful
matter as
beautiful
form.

So let all jarring noises cease !
Be smiles created out of frowns !
Bear o'er the waters, messengers of peace,
Glad kindred Crowns,

One and all
Honoring and honored by the festival !
Come Princes of every nation !
Come, like our circling flood,
Nobles, noble by your blood,
Come Nobles, noble by what ye have done ;
Each occupy thy station.

And thou, too, come,
Noblest perhaps, for what ye have not done,
Who to the syren-voice,
Bidding thee in sin rejoice,

He driaketh
of the
loving-cup.

Still hath boldly answered "No" ;
Come to the Great World's Show !

Let Art benign
Around all shine,
And infuse each soul
Of the mighty whole,
With the sweet wisdom which itself hath made ;
For by her aid
Old England bids you *Welcome !*

He sheweth
that labour
is the lot of
all, and that
the greater
power hath
the greater
work to do.

All Earth hath work to do,
The Many and the Few.
Chiefly such as Thou
Who sits't enthronèd by thy People's voice,
And crownèd with their hearts,
Wherein there lie
As twin-lights in the sky,
Both promise and reward ; and from which, now,
There starts
The loud acclaim that bids *THE QUEEN* rejoice !
Sovereign of the Times !
In whom majestic power,
Floating from Albion's earliest hour,
Hath centered like a Star,
Shining from afar,
Shedding sweet influence over many climes.
Unlike that wondrous realm of old
Which, scattering all its powers, ceased to be ;

It shall be told
How all thy regions, free like thee,
Flocked round to bless the hopeful time,
Flocked, grateful, round Thy Prime.
For thy small Island like a Sun
Shall spread its rays
And claim the nations' honest praise.
Gilding new deeds and things,
That the future to the seer brings,
With sweetest smiles,
And 'ere Thy race hath run,
Emigrants shall thy children be ;
For Indian Emperors and Canadian Kings,
And Princes o'er the Isles,
Fair Queen, shall spring from Thee !
So shall Thy happy life be manifold,
By many tongues Thy reign's bright tale be told.
And when, (oh, distant be the day !—
Forgive the sinning, selfish thought,
That into being hath been wrought,)
Heaven shall woo thy soul away,
And all of virtue that can die,
Be Angel-wafted up on High,
May Thou and Thine, breathes forth the Prayer,
Be 'mong the just made perfect there !

He loveth
order and
thinketh
the prayer
hath been
heard that
the Queen
shall live for
ever.

VIVAT REGINA !



THE
GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851:

A Poem.

BY WILLIAM ST. CLAIR.



LONDON:

PARTRIDGE AND OAKEY, PATERNOSTER ROW;
AND 70, EDGWARE ROAD, (HARBURY AND CO., AGENTS).

1850.

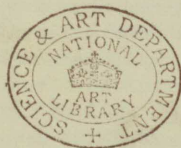
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26-11.64.



PREFACE.

"I CONCEIVE it to be the duty of every educated person closely to watch and study the time in which he lives; and, as far as in him lies, to add his humble mite of individual exertion to further the accomplishment of what he believes Providence to have ordained. Nobody, however, who has paid any attention to the particular features of the present era, will doubt, for a moment, that we are living at a period of most wonderful transition, which tends rapidly to the accomplishment of that great end to which, indeed, all history points, the realization of the unity of mankind."—*Extracted from the Speech of H.R.H. Prince Albert at the Grand Banquet given to him by the Lord Mayor.*

This is the language of the Prince Albert. I have quoted it faithfully, and I can safely say that it will bear comparison with anything that ever the greatest reformer uttered. It was this language which moved me to compose the following verses; and, whatever their merit as a whole, they at least breathe the same spirit; and, now, the only motive which actuates me in giving them to the world is, the sincere desire I have to see the world at peace,—all mankind brethren,—and the glorious religion of our Lord and Saviour triumphant.

Surely no well-wisher to his country, or his kind, can find fault with me for this. No doubt the poem might have been much better written, but still there is room enough for another and another; in fact, there is room enough for all to write on this glorious subject.

The idea of an EXHIBITION OF THE INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS is truly a magnificent idea. Let us look at it in what light we

will, it must sustain, with undimished glory, the most searching scrutiny. The exhibition of a kingdom's industry is something truly; but the exposition of a world's industry is everything. This is the monstre serpent which swallows all the little ones; the grand intelligible idea which swallows up every unintelligibility. This is the idea,—and it may justly be called a princely one,—which will soon cement the broken and disordered fabric of human society. O what a glorious sequel to Free Trade! Well may the delighted and astonished observer of the world's progress exclaim—what will come next?

The idea of bringing the nations of the earth together for commercial purposes, or under any other pretext, includes the ideas, and will answer the wishes of all our philanthropists, whether their pursuits be commercial, social, or religious.

WILLIAM ST. CLAIR.



THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.

I.

The careful, tender, unassuming bard,
Whose honest heart with conscious virtue burns,
Sends not, with this, his fashionable card—
(In this strange world sure we must take our turns,
And want of cards the music never mourns.)
But, noble Albert, you're a MAN I ween,
Such as would please my *sampler*, poet Burns,—
With whom, in converse, I have ever been,
Since first his matchless muse gave lustre to my een !

II.

No mercenary magic tunes my soul—
No money-grabbing fingers touch this lyre ;
The very thought my nature cannot thole,
It falls upon my heart like ice on fire,
And raises in my breast a storm of ire !
In human nature, is there not *some* truth,
Ye,* withered by suspicion, hate and hire,
Who meet your cheerless end halfway, forsooth,
And die old frighten'd bodies in the morn of youth.

* Suspicious critics who are habitually imputing sinister motives to humble worth when it attempts to address royalty.

III.

Thou prince of princes, consort of my Queen ;—
 And oh how that word *my* shakes up the heart !
 And makes it with the best emotions teem,
 And makes me sing without the help of art,
 And makes the tear of pure affection start ;—
 Thou—noblest of thy name—what honour's thine !
 How eminently thou hast played thy part !
 The soldier, scholar, statesman and divine,
 Without the vulgar wish to shake the world and shine.

IV.

Cæsar and Hannibal—at their command,
 Nations were swamp'd and never heard of more ;
 The Corsican had but to wave his hand,
 And kings and kingdoms, trembling, toppled o'er,
 (Excepting, aye, our own dear native shore.)
 Ev'n Wellington, the noblest of the four,
 The hero who a hundred battles bore,
 With all his soldier skill and martial pow'r,
 Must grant to our great prince the palmiest flow'r.

V.

On history's page I linger still in vain ;
 I conjure up the heroes of the past ;
 From halls, and solitaires, and heaps of slain ;
 But all their deeds were nothing to thy last :
 The " Good Time coming " thou art hastening fast.
 Peace usher in with joy the coming year,
 Let no true Briton feel himself downcast ;
 Banish your woes and shake off every fear,
 The Nations of the Earth will soon take council here.

VI.

But while I give to Cæsar what is his,
 Let Heaven's Almighty King have all the praise ;
 Him first, Him last, who still for ever is
 Our God, unsearchable in all His ways ;
 Who speaks to all, yet few knows what He says.
 Come to my heart—the door is open wide,
 And let me feel thy uncreated rays.
 So that the poor, but favour'd bard may ride
 Rough-shod, o'er foolishness, dishonour, lust, and pride.

VII.

Hail glorious era ! great Prince Albert's year,
 One thousand eighteen hundred fifty-one !
 (Success to you, whenever you appear,
 And to your followers who have yet to come,
 O hurry not, your race will soon be run !)
 Mankind's complete redemption draweth nigh :
 Methinks I see the angel in the sun,
 Exhort the millions who repentant lie,
 To make their peace with Him, or from His anger fly.

VIII.

The harp is struck in heaven—the work's begun.
 'Tween me and this dim night light passeth by
 The form and shadows of the time to come.
 Hark ! there's a shout. 'Tis the Millenial cry ;
 And glory dances in the cloudless sky.
 Caucasian and Mongolian shake the hand ;
 And Ethiopia need no longer sigh,
 Though ill-defined by shackles and the brand,
 Before one God and Father all men yet must stand.

IX.

One language soon shall knit mankind again,
 And from *this* hour that tongue begins to spread !
 Hebrew, some say, will be the language then ;
 But give me English—aye, or French instead,—
 So say those gentlemen who still keep ahead.*
 But give me any language, so that one
 Shall take the lead, by every nation read ;
 That in the torrid, or the temp'rate zone,
 Our hearts may dance with joy to find ourselves at home.

X.

Then envy, war, and crime, and strife shall cease ;
 And every passion wild be calmed and still ;
 The warrior's helmet wear the sign of peace,
 And all mankind submit to Heaven's will :
 Love shall close up the memory of the ill ;
 And those who fought in ranks against us filed,
 Shall show their sorrow while they weep their fill ;
 Determined never more to be exiled,
 Or seek the road to ruin, rushing headlong, wild !

XI.

Such things as these the coming year shall bring ;
 For o'er that concentration of commerce,
 Old Time shall flutter on his sable wing,
 And lead the virgin *Future* to rehearse
 Her part amid the general converse.
 Then she'll inspire the heroes of that scene,
 With glorious musing, wonderful and scarce ;
 And ask the while "What might the world have been
 If, ages past, had reigned a monarch like our Queen ?"

* Our merchants.

XII.

O ye, my erring countrymen, who curse
 The prop of Britain's glory, and the earth ;
 Who spend your days in making bad things worse,
 Thoughtless and inconsiderate from your birth ;
 Whose gloomy souls ne'er knew an hour of mirth,
 Still yelping out the silly vulgar tale,*
 Display to peasants poor your self-styled worth,
 And when the *Furor's* up, you turn your tail,
 And see your "cherish'd children" hung or sent to jail.

XIII.

O villains ! madmen ! lost to shame and truth,
 Cursed be th' ambition sent you first astray !
 Cold are your hearts, and unrelenting ruth,
 Hath eaten all your consciences away :
 Hoping for mercy but afraid to pray !
 Oh, how I pity you ! and yet, I know,
 You'll jeer at what my humble muse shall say,
 You always were your own most deadly foe,
 For ever running blindly in the wake of woe !

XIV.

Seen dimly now through distant mists obscure,
 The promised sign of Him that is to come,
 The Holy Cross, auspicious to the poor,
 The penitent, the lame, blind, deaf, and dumb :
 But O, how justly terrible to some !
 Who, to their ignorance, add blasphemy ;
 Whose sins, at last, attain so dread a sum,
 That Faith and Hope in vain point out the way,
 They scorn, and spurn the light amidst the blaze of day.

* This refers to those *insurrectionist* leaders who still continue to disturb society, and lead the simple astray.

XV.

Now Peace, step forth and claim thy long-lost right,
 The nations listen—boldly speak thy mind,—
 That they may order things without “a fight,”
 Since REASON is the weapon of mankind;
 Casting their guns and bloody swords behind,
 To pruning-hooks and ploughshares turn their steel,
 And scatter all their squabbles to the wind;
 Mercy and Love in full profusion deal,
 And, if we fight, let's fight for one another's weal.

XVI.

And ye, who sway the sceptre over fate,
 The mighty Pen, the Pencil, and the Press;
 Who, when disposed, can heav'n-high elevate,
 Or damn at once to utter hopelessness,
 Speak for our Cause—your power “The Times” confess,—
 Reforming all the errors of the past:
 Defeated Ignorance hides his filthy face,
 And Superstition writhes and breathes his last,
 And woe, and want, and fear have vanished on the blast!

26, Middlesex Street,
 Clarendon Square, London,
 October 22nd, 1850.

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A Poem,

ON THE OPENING OF THE
EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF ALL NATIONS

BY

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,

MAY 1ST, 1851.

BY REV. T. K. DE VERDON.



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Christina & the

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26. 11. 64.

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT,

DUKE OF SAXE, PRINCE OF SAXE-COBOURG AND GOTHA,

K.G., G.C.B., D.C.L., PH.D.,

ETC. ETC. ETC.

THIS POEM IS HUMBL Y INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E .

The Exhibition of the Works of all Nations within an edifice which has been raised as if by enchantment, in one of the fairest spots of our great metropolis, has excited the interest and astonishment of men of every country. The writer of the following verses has, from the beginning, hailed the undertaking as one of the highest promise to the increase of civilisation, the cultivation of the peaceful arts, and (as his Royal Highness Prince Albert most happily said in his speech at the Mansion House) "the realisation of the unity of mankind."

That England should be the place where this wonderful experiment should have been attempted is a manifest evidence of the favour of Divine Providence, for which her people are bound to express their gratitude to that God whose is the earth and the fulness thereof.

It is a remarkable circumstance that the father of English poetry, Geoffrey Chaucer, who was born in the reign of Edward III.,

A.D. 1328, wrote a poem commonly known as Chaucer's Dream, in which he imagines himself in an island where there is a building whose walls and gates were "all of glass," in which he at first saw none but ladies.

"Within an yle methought I was
Where wall and yate was all of glass,
And so was closid round about
That leveless none come in ne out;
And of a sute were all the towres,
Subtily carvin aftir flowres
Of uncouth colours, during aye,
That nevir ben none sene in May."

He represents the island as being governed by a beautiful young lady, married to a prince; and describes a grand festival in tents and on the plain, where he pictures

"The Prince, the Queen, and all the rest."

The festival continues for three months.

Could Chaucer, or the victorious Edward and his court, have witnessed the magnificent spectacle which took place on the 1st of May, at the opening of the Crystal Palace, they might well have thought it a poet's dream; but this age has proved it a happy reality, the results of which, we may confidently expect, will influence mankind for good to the end of time.

THE
CRYSTAL PALACE OF INDUSTRY:

A Poem,

ON THE OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION OF THE
WORKS OF ALL NATIONS.

Hail, visitors from foreign lands,
Lovers of Peace approach our shores,
Lo! Here the Crystal Palace stands,
Here Industry her treasure pours,
Science ascends her lofty throne,
The elements subdued, her sceptre own.

From England's Prince the purpose came,
England for public good obey'd;
Beneath her hand this wondrous frame
Arose, and power sublime display'd:
Inventive powers in Eden given,
Asserting man's high origin from Heaven.

Exult, O Earth! let fragrant Spring
From every floweret incense yield,
And zephyrs fan, with od'rous wing,
Each mountain, vale, and fruitful field,
While Britain's grateful people raise
To Providence divine a nation's praise.

Amazing sight ! a multitude so great,
 The blaze of gems, and beauty's brighter ray ;
 Sweet melody encircling royal state
 Through paths of pleasantness and wisdom's
 way,

Through crystal courts enclosing scenes sublime,
 The harvest fields of every fruitful clime.

Here engine-power that seems the earth to shake
 A little child may lead, a hand can guide,
 And through the wilderness a highway make,
 Or stem the stormy ocean's swelling tide :
 Through everlasting hills in triumph go,
 Or silken threads o'er gauzy tissues throw.

Here varied forms that skilful art can trace,
 Fixed in their attitudes, our wonder claim ;
 But living forms still more adorn the place,
 And eyes that sparkle with a living flame.
 All nations meet ; one spirit seems to glow,
 And Hope o'er earth expands her shining bow.

Celestial Peace the plan designed,
 Her snow-white banner she unfurled ;
 Love oped the gates to all mankind,
 And hailed the workmen of the world.
 Nations of every clime replied :
 Their splendid works are glittering side by side.

Let bonds of brotherhood unite

The ends of earth in their embrace,
Till Heaven-born Love's resistless might

Uplifts the prostrate human race.
Princes in righteousness shall reign,
And man o'er want a lasting triumph gain.

Hail, children of the East, where light

Enkindles first the morning's dew,
Where Revelation's orbit bright

O'er man its radiant lustre threw—
The realms of prophets, priests, and kings,
From which of old our brightest glory springs.

Sons of the East, where palms arise,

Where myrrh and cassia shed perfume,
Your starry heavens have brighter skies,

The flowery vales a richer bloom ;
The sun hath more prolific beams,
O'er golden sands your fountains pour their
streams.

But learn, within our happy isle,

Deep set in ocean's mighty wave,
The loveliest thing is woman's smile,

When none her angel form enslave ;
Her mind, her charms, are our renown,
And now resplendent shine from Britain's Crown.

Hail, Europe's nations! welcome to this field,
 Where Concord lifts on high her ample shield;
 Where art revived puts forth inventions new,
 Like budding fruit beneath refreshing dew,
 And Beauty smiles amid the glittering bowers
 Within these crystal walls, and all the powers
 Of patient Industry united shine,
 Till earth reflects intelligence divine;
 Proving that spirits of a nobler sphere
 Struggle with clouds that shade their splendour
 here.

Hail, Europe's nations! hail, ye sons of Fame,
 Whose conquering chiefs a deathless glory claim,
 Whose Orators and Bards from ages past
 Have honoured names that with the earth shall
 last.

Immortal Art, with all her graceful train,
 Amid your marble halls still holds each reign;
 Still the sweet spirit of her muse pervades
 Your brighter climes, your groves, and peaceful
 shades;

Your bold adventurers braved the ocean wide,
 And from their decks another world descried;
 Streaming with light, your glorious printed
 page

Revealed new worlds to every rising age;

'Tis Freedom's flag by Europe's nations wrought,
 And claims for man a universe of thought.
 But genius, treasure, priceless human life,
 Have been misspent in war's terrific strife,
 The loveliest scenes on earth a desert made,
 And brightest days obscured with crimson
 shade.

Lo ! in the Crystal Palace Wisdom stands—
 Let all the nations of the earth rejoice ;
 Amid these wondrous works she spreads her
 hands,

Amid this splendour lifts her warning voice :—

Let nations cease from war's alarms,
 Their swords to peaceful ploughshares beat ;
 The earth subdue with conquering arms,
 And seize the spoils beneath their feet.

Then Heaven's approving showers shall fall,
 The fruitful fields their increase give,

Abundance crown the toil of all,

And all in peace and plenty live.

Now let the wants of man, his woes—

His ignorance that makes ashamed—

Be deem'd by rulers deadly foes,

And war against these foes proclaimed.

Armies of teachers, let them go

And rescue men from error's gloom ;

Armies to fields, the fields to sow,
 Till deserts as the rose shall bloom.
 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
 The ships of every foreign clime
 Their horns of plenty shall outpour,
 Nor stain the waves with crimson crime.
 The fruitful field, the mountain side,
 Of many an untouch'd distant land,
 Shall blooming blush, as some fair bride,
 And yield to man her gentle hand.
 How great a dowry earth can give—
 How vast her treasure yet in store ;
 In bonds of peace let nations live,
 For earthly wants we ask no more.

May all the nations Wisdom's counsel hear,
 And in these Crystal Courts her voice revere ;
 The song of angels she repeats again—
 Glory to God, goodwill and peace to men.

Hail, honoured kinsmen of the western sphere,
 Whose prospects brighten as the morning's sky !
 Your states abound with men to Britain dear,
 Though ocean's mighty depths between us lie.
 New stars upon your kindling banner shine
 O'er boundless realms and earth's exhaustless
 mine.

Behold these grand achievements of the mind !

The human hand unfettered wrought them
all ;

So marvellous, they seem by Heaven designed—

A living writing on this Palace wall,
Recording slavery's doom, whose fell control
Enchains the hand, the mind, th' immortal soul.

If, with his bonds and stripes, a trembling slave

Could in this splendid Exhibition stand,

Would he implore the shelter of a grave,

Or lay on Scripture here his sable hand,

Pleading their law, and, with a rapturous cry,

In Britain's realms the slaver's power defy.

Along your giant coasts the ocean's wave

Rushes with joy th' embracing shores to gain ;

Its bursting billows cry, Release the slave !

Can mortal hands the mighty tides enchain ?

And yet th' immortal spirit here is bound,

Whose sphere is greater than the depths pro-
found.

Your mountains swelling to the azure sky,

The forests vast, and rivers as they roll,

The golden clouds and glorious sun on high—

All speak of freedom to the living soul.

The Gospel's pardon and its blessings claim
Freedom for man in the Redeemer's name.

Behold the multitude from every clime,
Magnificent but transitory show !
Perhaps designed to image future time,
When nations to the Mount of God shall flow,
When knowledge shall outspread its glorious sea,
And earth enjoy her promised jubilee.

* * * * *

At times in thought the gladsome spirit soars,
Winging through starry night her silent way
Beyond the fields of light, to boundless shores
Where new-created suns, with morning's ray,
Far in immensity, a golden flame,
O'er Chaos dark inscribe Jehovah's name.

Lord, what is man ? his world itself how small !
But thou, Omnipotent, art everywhere ;
Without thy will a sparrow cannot fall,
And man is thy delight, thy constant care :
His labours bless, his erring spirit guide,
Till all beneath thy shadowing wings abide.

By Thee do princes reign ; thy hand alone
Hath raised our Sovereign to her high estate ;
Through Thee she so adorns her stedfast throne,
Surrounded by the wise, the good, and great :

Through all her realms the righteous offer
prayer—

For her, her Consort, and their offspring fair.

Children of royal race, the nation's pride,

What wondrous things your youthful eyes
behold !

Here healthful Commerce pours her golden
tide ;

Scriptures in every tongue their gifts unfold,
Disclosing peaceful days and hopes sublime,
The promised blessings of approaching time.

Britain, rejoice in this magnific scene,

The boast of Industry and Art refined,
Exulting that the Consort of our Queen

This mighty movement of the world design'd—
Drew to this field the force of human skill,
Whose triumphs shall the earth with treasure
fill.

Ye rich and great who now these works survey,
Witness how swiftly pleasures pass away.

An evening cloud all earthly glories seem,
A brilliant shade in life's uncertain beam,
A fragrant flower that springing blooms to die,
A meteor blazing through the darkest sky.

Seek ye the prize that deeds of mercy gain;
 And may your faith eternal life obtain.
 And ye who labouring toil for daily bread,
 Creation's splendid works are round you spread,
 Surpassing all that human hand displays,
 As the bright sun excels the glow-worm's rays.
 Behold the crimson tints of summer's morn!
 The glittering dew—the bloom its drops adorn;
 The distant woods where childhood loved to
 stray—

How sweet the thought of childhood's summer's
 day !

When oft, reclined from heat in pleasing shade,
 The gaudy insect race around you played,
 Another world, whose little creatures share
 An exhibition's joys, its toils and care ;
 Another world where brilliant pomp and show
 Are often followed by a wintry woe.
 And you have seen the golden sun decline,
 The moon above his fading glories shine,
 The stars which strew the firmament on high—
 All meet the humblest workman's wondering
 eye,
 And heaven bestows affections fond and true,
 The source of home's sweet joys, for ever new.
 And in this favoured isle the Gospel's truth,
 The hope of age, the morning star of youth :

The light which guides the greatest in our land
To aid its workmen with a princely hand.

Behold this splendid field where nations meet !

Where many a goodly prize appears displayed,
Not for rude combatants or coursers fleet,

Or marshalled lists for deadly strife arrayed,
But patient skill that can our homes adorn,

From lowest toil the human frame release,
The mountains cleave, or crown their heights
with corn,

And all the elegance of life increase.

Here honest industry ascends to claim

A patriot's prize, a victor's certain fame ;

Here noble science and the arts refined

A wreath may gain by royal hands entwined ;

And Hope inspires the minstrel's humble strain,

Nor shall the trembling strings be touched in
vain.

* * * * *

But hark ! a solemn sound at times we hear,

From Judah's land a melody sublime :

Isaiah's hallowed harp, seraphic, clear,

It pours along the rushing stream of time :—

“ Nations shall learn to war no more,

The desert as a rose shall bloom,

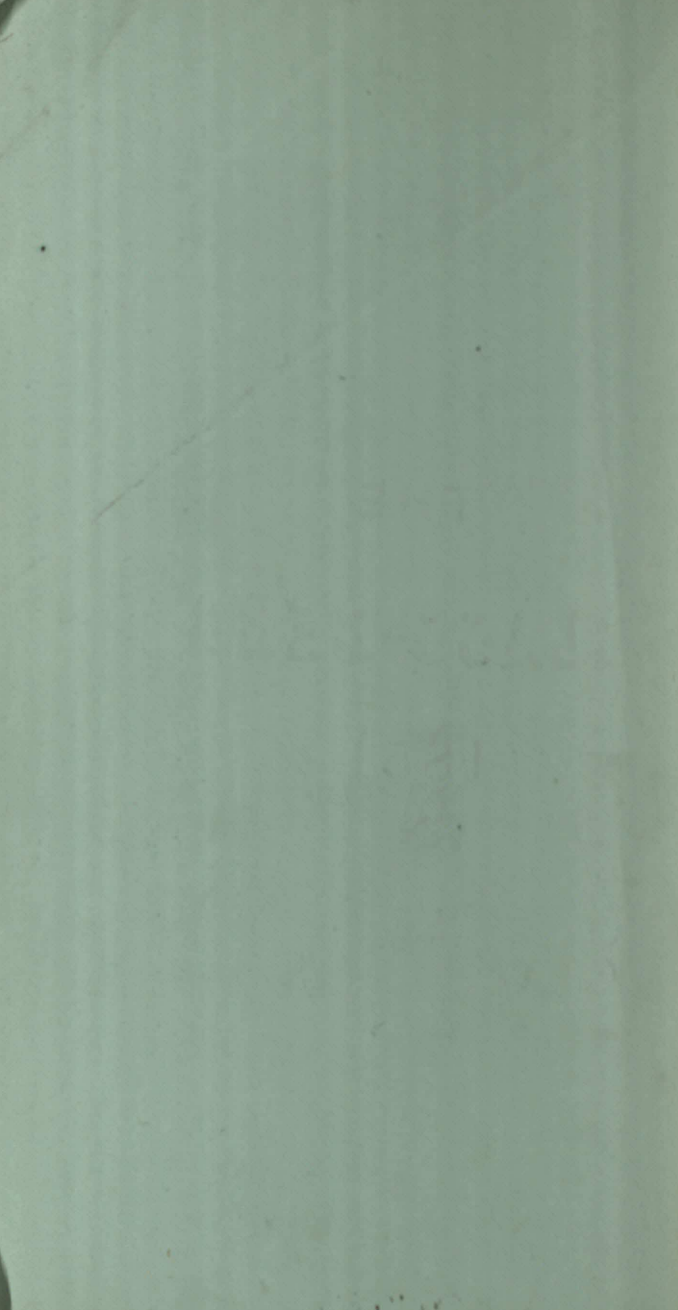
The Lord his ransomed shall restore,
 His glory Zion's hills illume.
 Knowledge o'er earth as flowing seas increase,
 Till sighs and sorrows shall for ever cease."

Spirit of Life, of Peace, descend,
 With love divine each bosom fill,
 Till man beholds in man his friend,
 And earth, as heaven, obey thy will.

THE
GLASS-BERG

1851.



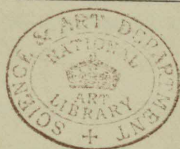


THE

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GLASS-BERG

A Poem.

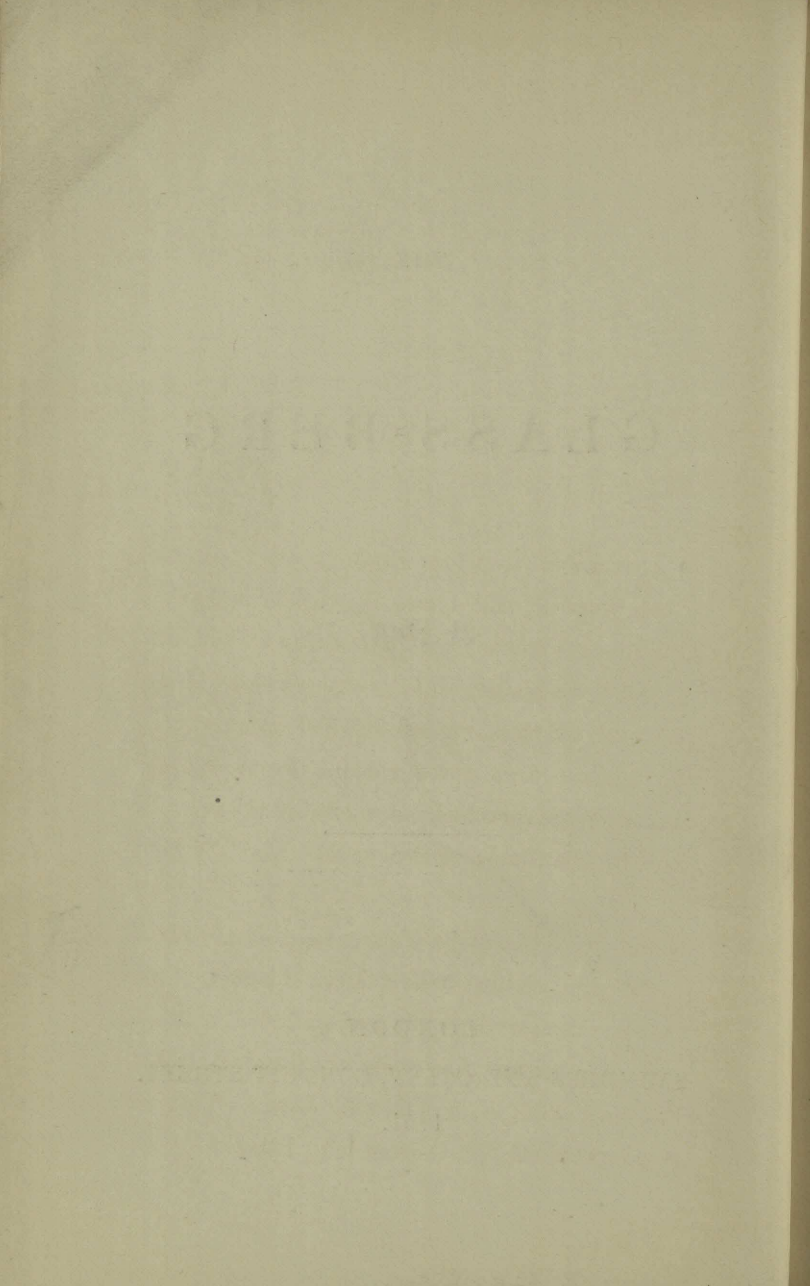


LONDON

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

1851.

26.11.67.



THE
GLASS-BERG.

A WISH was in the mighty Sovereign's heart,
The teeming brains of men that wish obey'd;
The human will was roused to do its part,
And all its treasure-house of thought survey'd
The wish, the brain, the will, together wrought,
And pow'r performed what teeming Genius thought.
A wonder was conceived,—a wonder grew,
And, lo! the Glass-berg rises on our view.

Mountains of Glass—Glass glittering high and far,
Reflecting sunlight from its miles of mirror,
Standing transparent in the cool, grey air,
Slender, yet firm, like things which last for ever—
Far, far it stretches, fairy-like, yet proud.
It seems like sunlight in the ev'ning cloud;

It goes beyond your thought,—'tis so ideal,
 You must look twice before you think 'tis real.
 And there it grew, through good and ill record ;
 And London friends to country cousins wrote
 How from the first hand they could send them word
 'Twould fall and crush the Queen, the Lords, the
 Court ;

How shook the galleries when two flies, or more,
 Walked quickly through them ; how the sappy floor
 Sank in the mud ; how human perspiration
 Would fall in showers upon the gathered nation ;
 How sparrows, ladybirds, and beasts unclean
 Spoil'd every single thing, which was not right ;
 How all this evil, some friend's friend had SEEN
 How bearded foreigners came, pretending merely
 To show things cheap, and then to sell them dearly ;
 And Colonel Reid's *own Man* had told the writ-
 Er, they would burn down London in one night.
 Yet there the Glass-berg rises, gaily great ;

I see it from my window when the day
 Shines fogless out upon its princely state,
 And the straight Serpentine reflects the ray.

I see it when down Rotten-row we ride,
 Old England's centaur-offspring, side by side,
 And all address themselves to mark how well
 The tender colours of the Glass-berg tell
 Upon the English colouring of the sky;
 Harmonious, gay, and bright,—not too bright for
 the eye.

I think Man's sinews are almost sublime,
 When a great work so quickly they fulfil;
 There, in the vasty halls, we see how Time
 Has been brought under to the English will.
 Six months ago there was the Autumn grass,
 Yet May's first day completes the hill of Glass.
 And through their toil the soul-like men of clay
 Have reverenc'd Sabbath rest; and when the day
 Came round that saw the God of this great earth
 Die for the race to which His will gave birth,
 Then, too, they paused, (although the goal in sight
 Was like a half-gained prize, uncertain quite,)
 And with due awe abstained from temp'ral things,
 For Him who makes and rules worlds, times and kings.

I to the GLASS-BERG drink a health,
 And one to those who've paid ;
 The Queen ! and all whose wit and wealth
 Are in the Berg displayed.

I drink the Prince and all his race—
 No health would I drink rather ;
 And Mr. Paxton, whom the place
 Must bow to, as its father.

And Mr. Chance, the clever one,
 Who builds *sans* wood and stones ;
 And Messieurs Fox and Henderson ;
 And Mr. Owen Jones.

I drink the Cousins who have come
 From China and Tahiti,
 From Panama, and Indian homes,
 To bring us something pretty.

And to the brothers who traverse
 Old Europe's beaten way,
 I waft a health in wine and verse,
 And this I frankly say,—

I' ve join'd my welcome to the rest,
 To meet them from their homes,
 And offer'd all things I possess'd,
 Except my furnish'd rooms.

My Lady N—b— had the worse !
 The money made her wonder ;
 The fellow straight pull'd out his purse
 And offer'd “ feeftin hunder.”

He must, indeed, have been the devil,
 And this his actions tell :
 No sooner was the house his own
 Than it became a hell.

That's worse than forty German men
All in the drawing-room smoking ;
Or Grosvenor-street, where five times ten
Did things still more provoking.

So some for money's sake are fled,
And let their stories all ;
And some, with tumults in their head,
Stand with their house or fall.

Some fear the pards will dance too fierce,
And fly the coming season ;
And some from country corners haste,
Just for that very reason.

But fly or fear, or haste or run,
It matters not a pin,
For great and grand will be our fun
If we can but get in.

1st May.—

The wave-like multitude itself has roll'd
 Within the GLASS-BERG'S precincts, which enfold
 Their entering groups as though its magic floor,
 Absorbing all that came, had ever room for
 more.

So far, so very far, the scenes extend
 Men seem a huddled mass about the end ;
 Then grow they into shapes, and, last of all,
 The single figures stand detach'd and tall.
 Along the mass two rows of red are seen,
 Ribbons of red, extending into men,
 Soldiers that guard the Sovereign's highway,
 And with their brightness grace the festive day.
 Mix'd with Art's marvels stand the old elm trees,
 Shut with their green leaves from the outer
 breeze ;

The growing crystal gradually enthrall'd them ;
 " Imprison'd Giants" Lady Ea—ke call'd them.

Near them the Fountain, where I long'd to quaff;
 And near again, the Love-and-Venus group;
 But what 'mid all these beauties made me laugh
 Was Washington; his bust was done in SOAP.
 Amid these curious, bright, enchanting things
 We for a brief while have our wanderings,
 And all ourself is for a time forgot
 In gazing on the magic of the spot;
 Long vistas, free to day, which showers bright
 On strange seducing shapes a flood of light;
 The flash of jewels, and the marble wrought
 To human form, and noble human thought
 In tangible shapes, that make the bosom spring
 That brother-men can do so great a thing.
 Unending wealth, unending talent rise,
 Wherever wander the bewilder'd eyes;
 And much the impatient spirit does aspire
 To go where'er its wandering glance has gone;
 But blue policemen, senseless to its fire,
 Say "Keep your places," in most mortal tone.

So, as the Glass-berg's wonders yet must be
 A distant perspective to you and me.
 Let's look around on all these seated ones,
 These gracious dames on their five thousand
 thrones.

Thrones? yes, for man stands by you, as is fit—
 His duty keeps him standing while you sit.

I see five thousand; how am I to choose
 A few, to make them subjects for my Muse?
 Ah! doubtless in my heart there moves a string
 Which tells among five thousand whom to sing—
 Thou whom I watch'd for while all enter'd in;
 Thou being enter'd, then I ceas'd to watch,
 Whose garment as it pass'd I sought to touch,
 Whose glance I shudder'd at, when I did win,—
 Thou whom I would not name, yet would hear nam'd,
 Yet not too often, not by over many,
 Thou beauty of my soul, who, scarce I know
 If thou art priz'd or prais'd by others any—

Yes, thee I sing, and when the page shall meet
 Thy truthful eye, oh, Heav'n, it will be sweet
 To see it rise, wherever we may be,
 And say in one brief glance, "Thou meanest *me*."

Not far from thee, I see the titled Dame,
 On whose white breast resplendent diamonds flame;
 Unlike the herd, who blaze not till the night,

Her gems against the sun their radiance spend;
 And sometimes, dazzled by their splendid light,

She overlooks the most familiar friend.

Mother she is of Beauties—one fair face
 Still shows us at her side each well-taught grace;
 Bless'd be her lot, like those already gone,
 Whether she chuse the Barrack or the Throne.
 Chance has set near her one, with face as fair,
 Smiling beneath her braids of raven hair;
 With long pink things, (their name I cannot tell)—
 Which, hanging round that face, become it well.
 But all within, how sad the prospect lies,
 Present and future dark before her eyes!

From out a set of pretty girls she's come,
 Who once like her stepp'd welcome from their home ;
 But who are clouded, the far north within,
 By ev'ry sorrow saving that of sin.
 And she, the pretty stranger, what shall she
 Next year, or next, what shall the — — be ?
 Would that a heart would open wide its space,
 And lure thee to that household resting-place ;
 Would that a hand which thou couldst love to take
 Would clasp thee for thy gentle beauty's sake,
 Guard thee along life's difficult highway,
 And make that morning smile a bright noon-day.

Near by I see a Lady whom I love ;
 I love her gracious welcome, and her way
 Of seeming to love others ; (I approve
 That wholesome flatt'ry, genial as the May),
 I love her well-fill'd house each Tuesday night,
 Ere Easter comes with its redoubled light ;
 And more, the simple feast which once I shar'd,
 Well pleas'd to sit at the domestic board.

Wisdom was there, and lore, which treated kings
 Of buried Egypt like familiar things ;
 Music, who did from her high stool descend,
 And sate in easy chairs, a social friend;
 And lib'ral Conscience, fit to judge and praise,
 And kindly feeling, and the simple ways
 Of a large family—all loving all—
Thee, elder daughter! humbly I recal
 In 'broidered jacket, fitting close thy waist,
 And hanging sleeves which well thy white arms grac'd,
 And net that held thy hair about thy head,
 And bird that to thy finger gladly fled,—
 And younger sister thou!—not seen to-day!
 O'er whom full oft my wistful thoughts will stray,
 With innocent face, and form that seems design'd
 To wander through the forest free as wind,
 And let thy fair locks float upon the breeze,
 While devious flittest thou among the trees.
 And yet, alas ! a spell is o'er thee thrown,
 That like a fairy princess binds thee down,

Captive to some unkind, malicious elf,
 And thy free will moves all except thyself.
 Ah, God! among thy hours, let that hour be,
 Which bids the patient, pretty girl be free.

Next, glancing round, my eyes behold a shape,
 From which no beauty-loving eyes escape.
 Göthe has said, "the finest talents lay
 Lodg'd fitly in the finest-moulded clay;"
 And, had he sought examples, would have said,—
 "Hear, read that woman—see her form, her
 head."

Nature is near her still, to recommend;
 Her face inclines the world to be her friend,
 Vigour and health her active steps approve,
 It is a pleasure at her side to move;
 Graciousness seems her ev'ry word to fit,
 And with it rolls the bright brook of her wit.
 Her voice has music at its sweet command,
 The pen is like a sceptre in her hand.

Too many talents! Gifts too freely pour'd;
 Like those by heroines in a book possess'd;
 Is there a something that must be endur'd
 Even by her, to make her like the rest?

— — — — —
 — — — — —
 I catch at times a view of rougher forms
 Behind each Beauty, who my fancy warms.
 I see the Nun-preserver; at his side
 The Man with a gilt carriage and fair Bride;
 I see the grizzled head, o'er others tall,
 The eye that sees the *evil* of it all—
 The keen-edg'd wit that takes the gilding off,
 And puts down vanity with pungent scoff,
 Unveiling all the thoughts that lurk within,
 While we in vain disown our folly, and our sin.

— — — — —
 — — — — —

The doors are shut, and none has enter'd in—
 A long half-hour, while thus we wait within.
 All that shall witness this day's sight are here,
 And now, stand up! The sight itself is near.
 Behold, the doors fly open, and the roar

Of shouts increasing from without rush in,
 While in the Glass-berg twenty thousand more

Add voices to the cheers that greet the Queen.
 I think one must be born a Queen to bear
 That glorious thrill of voices in the air;
 That human thunder, rolling round the scene,
 To greet oneself—to shout The Queen! the Queen!
 Great tears come gathering in my foolish eye
 Merely to hear the wild, the mingled cry.
 'Tis not for love, or pride, that one rejoices,
 But for the deep emotion of the voices.
 But she is calm, is graceful, and by heart,
 Queenly and womanly, she knows her part—
 To every side she bends, none passes she,
 Pleas'd with us all, each in our due degree.

And when the anthem peals, the prayer ascends,
 The Queen, no longer Queen, devoutly bends;
 Shows not, nor hides the worship in her eye,
 And feels the full sublime of Heaven's Majesty.
 When that is o'er, she leaves her place to pass
 O'er all the highways of the hill of Glass,
 And England's pomp is gather'd in her suite,
 A nation's splendour spreads around her feet :
 Those gifts are Fortune's; but this hour to see
 Nature's great presents to her, touches me.
 See what she is, besides the glittering scene;
 Besides what makes her "Happy as a Queen—"
 A pretty woman, who could win a place
 In hearts, by showing that fair, rose-leaf face;
 And near her, are the darling shapes and frames—
 That call her by familiar household names,
 Mother and wife, and every pretty word
 That by a merely Queen are never heard.
 Each treasure ever given, each dear form,
 Is, with her, safe as yet from ev'ry storm;

And love that makes her people round her bend,
 Bestows upon her, children, husband, friend.
 I think of her as oft I have beheld
 In plaided shawl, straw bonnet which expell'd
 The Highland sun, with foot that tir'd never,
 Climbing the hill, or wand'ring by the river;
 Health in her frame, and laughter-moving word
 Caught by the friend, by courtier all unheard,
 And joy to feel her state-freed step so nerv'd,
 Free to go anywhere, and unobserv'd.
 Thoughts, too, has she to enjoy the well-tuned
 string,
 An eye to love the Artist's pencilling.
 And, as she moves, we see her mark how well
 The quickly-gathered Glass-berg owns her spell.

Two of this glorious pageant bear a part,
 Which goes right home to ev'ry beating heart:
 The One was maim'd, when, in the fight sublime,
 The Other sav'd the world a second time—

He on the other leans, two old men now,
 But glorious beyond life and death I trow.
 Titles there are, high names beyond rebuke,
 But, 'mong them all, one only is the Duke:
 Beyond all titles, 'tis a name that cries—
 “Behold your hero, your great man, your wise”—
 A name our children seek to realize,
 And press to see what form the great Duke bears:

And if he smile on them, or touch their head,
 They lay the thought by for their future years,
 That they may say, “Here was his finger laid!”
 This day unconscious England saw him born;*
 Long be 't ere grateful England for him mourn.
 Pale is he but upright, his step is good;

And when the drums roll'd till the building shook,
 I rais'd my voice up, and I shouted loud,

As he pass'd closely by, “God bless the Duke.”

Now, round the wondering halls the Queen has pass'd,
 She's walk'd her mile of triumph through at last;

* 1st of May—the Duke's birth-day.

And when again her foot is to the north,
She with her noble company goes forth ;
The barriers fall, the trumpets tell the crowd
That they are free to go where'er they please,
So let's obey the call they give so loud,
And see the Glass-berg's wonders at our ease.

— — — — —
— — — — —
— — — — —

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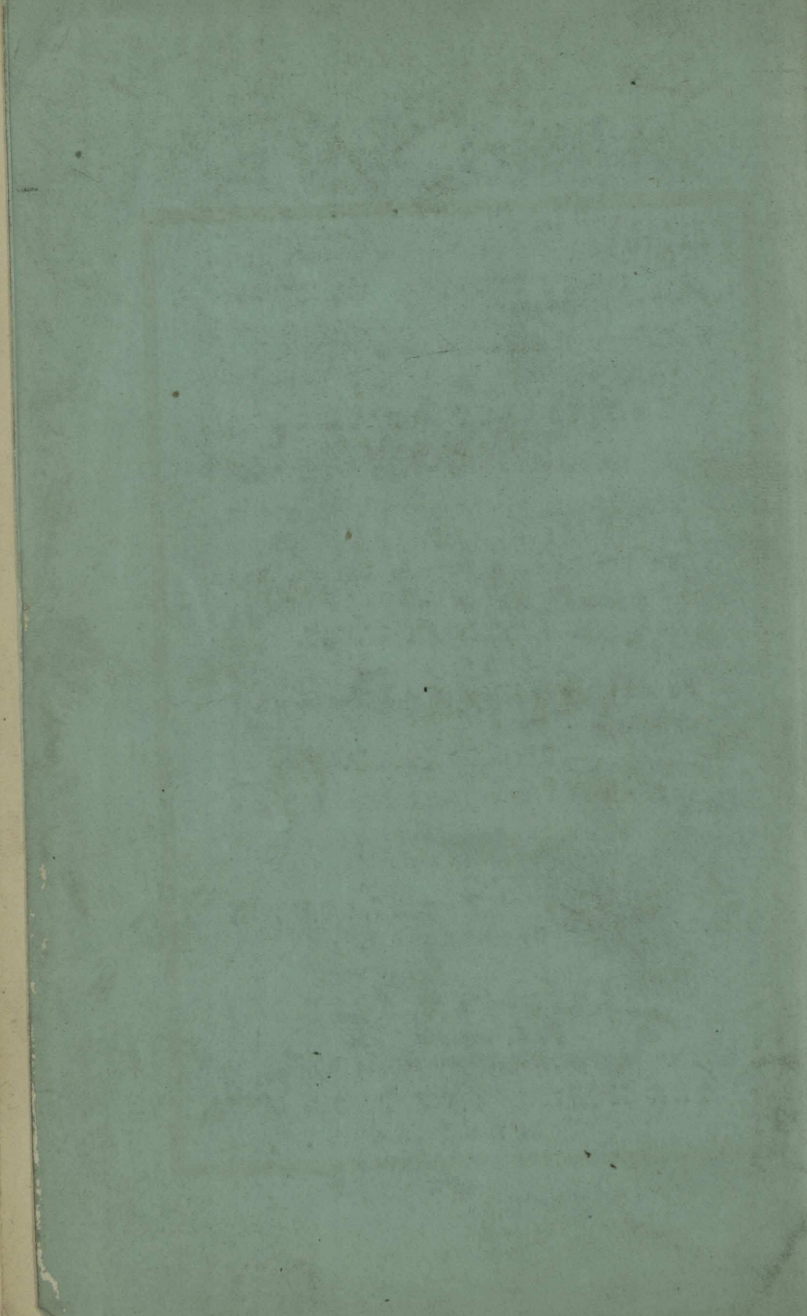
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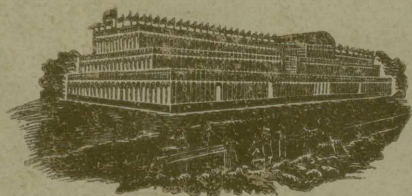
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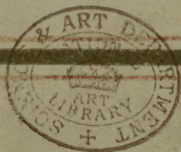


THE
History
OF THE
Great Exhibition,
1851,



IN RHYME.

Bristol :
EVANS & ABBOTT, 29, CLARE-STREET.



THE
HISTORY
OF THE
GREAT EXHIBITION,
1851,
IN RHYME.




Bristol:
EVANS & ABBOTT, 29, CLARE STREET.

26. 11. 67.

TO
THE ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE,
IN WHOSE ENLIGHTENED MIND
THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION
ORIGINATED,
AND TO WHOSE INDOMITABLE ENERGY
IT MAINLY OWES ITS TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS,
THESE RHYMES
ARE
(WITHOUT HIS PERMISSION)
INSCRIBED,
AS A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT
TO HIS TALENTS, AND PUBLIC AND PRIVATE VIRTUES,
BY
HIS SINCERE ADMIRER,

BRISTOLIENSIS.

The
History of the Great Exhibition.

OW list, all ye who love to hear our noble England's praise,*
I sing the FAIR INDUSTRIAL she made in modern days.

The Design.

His Highness Prince Albert woke up one day ;

'Twas four in the morning,

The gray light just dawning ;

So he said to himself, as he sleepless lay,

“ Here's a desperate bore,

I can't doze any more,

And its only just four : ”

He turned on his side ; but 'twas all in vain,

The drowsy god would not come back again ;

So by revolving some thoughts in his brain

He tried to make the hours go faster,

'Till John should come to call his master ;

And as he lay he thought to himself

Many more things than I can tell.

But when of such thoughts he had had a satiety,

It occurred to his mind that the Fine Arts' Society

Had sent to invite

Him to meet them that night ;

* *Vide* Macaulay's "Armada."

So he thought it would be but becoming his station
 To go and accept this kind invitation,
 And make a fine speech
 Which some moral might teach ;
 As, coming from state,
 It would carry great weight.
 He pondered, and pondered, and turned in the bed,
 'Till at last an idea came into his head,
 And these were the words that his Highness said :—

“ We'll get up a fair
 Of things costly and rare,
 Every class of British art
 In this show shall have its part ;
 To the meeting I will go,
 And my plans I there will show,
 This idea I will moot,
 Every member it will suit,
 It will please every person, I'm sure.—
 Who's that knocking at the door ? ”

'Twas John, who came to state
 That the clock had just struck eight,
 And that it was getting late ;
 Then Prince Albert arose
 And put on his clothes,
 He washed, and he dressed
 Himself all in his best ;

'Twas nothing especially “ stunning ” or “ crack,”
 But only a gentleman's suit of plain black, [propriety
 Which he thought he might wear with the greatest
 When taking the chair at the Fine Arts' Society.

So, at the proper time he went,
 And full half-an-hour he spent
 From the time that he began
 'Till he'd told them all his plan :
 From the minutes, it appears

Loud and many were the cheers.
 When at last, a little member,*
 Cold and shivering like December,
 Rose to make a slight suggestion
 On this all-important question :—

“ Would it not be almost right

Other nations to invite

In a friendly competition

At this royal Exhibition ? ”—

He paused in fear and much alarm,
 Lest his speech might cause him harm ;
 But the Prince's smile of pleasure
 Re-assured him in a measure,
 And with confidence he went on
 With the thoughts he was intent on ;
 Showing how that every nation
 There might hold its proper station,—

Every country there might meet,

Every country gladly greet.

This useful hint is received with delight,
 And soon 'twas resolved that the meeting that night
 Should find a place in man's esteem,
 By launching first this mighty scheme.
 A member, then, with spindle shanks,
 Said he rose

To propose

A very cordial vote of thanks

To the Prince, whose proposition

Was to found this Exhibition.

Prince Albert rose, and said he would not
 Keep them long, but still he could not
 Suffer them to leave the meeting
 Without thanks for the kind greeting
 That each and every gentleman

* Meant for the members generally.

Had given to his favorite plan.
 He said, that he at first intended
 That Britain's fabrics, rare and splendid,
 Alone
 Should be shewn,
 To compete for a prize ;
 But, as they wished it otherwise,
 In this he would let them have their own way,
 And make it the whole of the world's display.
 All, he hoped, their parts would bear,
 And strive their best to do their share
 In this great Industrial Fair.

The Commission.

This was the way that Prince Albert's notion
 First got life, and was put into motion.
 And soon the zealous Prince began
 Settling the details of his plan ;
 But he found he could not act,
 In this all-important fact,
 Without the Government's permission
 To set on foot this Exhibition.
 So off he went straightway
 To his wife in a great way ;
 And when he found his much-loved Queen
 In language thus he vented his spleen :—
 “ Oh, hear your faithful Albert's prayer
 About this great Industrial Fair !
 When on my plans I was intent
 I never thought of Parliament ;
 But now without an Act, I know,
 All my plans will be no go,
 Unless yourself the word will say ;
 Then, of course, they will obey,

If on my most warm petition
 You will make a Royal Commission
 To set on foot this Exhibition."

Then Her Majesty did say,—
 "Cease your beggings, Albert, pray,
 For, I am sure, you know full well
 You have only me to tell
 What you wish, and it is done ;
 So I do not see the fun
 Of your making all this clatter,
 When this little trivial matter
 We can settle, if we say
 We will thank you, Sir George Grey,
 Just to write a royal letter,
 Saying that we think it better,
 For the worthier promotion
 Of our good Prince Consort's notion,
 To appoint a Royal Commission
 To arrange this Exhibition."

Soon 'tis done, as she proposed ;
 But before the matter's closed,
 They must choose a set of men

Who will be well up to snuff,—
 Who, to do the thing in style,
 Will have influence enough.

So in that part of the tussle,
 First they fix on Lord John Russell,

With his Grace of Buccleugh,

And Earl Granville too,

And my Lord Stanley,

That tory so manly ;

While from the ranks

Of the London Banks,

Baring and Jones, who'll be useful they feel ;

As well as Dick Cobden, and Gladstone, and Peel.

Next in the walks of art they tarry,
 Fixing on Westmacott, Eastlake, and Barry ;
 Cubitt and Stephenson, in science,
 Men on whom they place reliance ;
 And Rosse's Earl, whose telescope
 Of great discoveries has hope ;
 And Pusey, the member for Berks,
 So famed for agricultural works ;
 With many others I have not time
 Now to put their names in rhyme.

As soon as they met

To business they set.

First, a President they chose ;
 And the hearts of all propose,
 That Prince Albert's mind and wit
 Make him certainly more fit
 Than any noble in the nation
 For that elevated station.
 So they vote him to the chair,
 And in earnest now prepare,
 All preliminaries making,
 For this wondrous undertaking.

The Challenge.

Soon went the summons forth,
 East and west, and south and north,
 Giving general invitations
 Unto all commercial nations,
 In this show to take a part,
 And display the special art

Each possess'd.

So the rest,

Their example imitating,

One another emulating,
 All might meet
 And compete
 In the wonderful display
 To be held the first of May,
 1851, A.D.,
 Should the things all ready be.

Then in England, the Commission
 Sent some able member down
 Into every leading town
 To explain the Exhibition,
 And the objects it intended,
 Which, as in duty bound,
 He told them would be found
 Most encouraging and splendid.
 He told them how it was decided
 That the goods should be divided
 Into four great leading sections,
 Which, on serious reflections,
 Was considered would be best
 For the general interest.
 "In the first, then, by this law,
 Material and produce raw,
 Minerals,
 And chemicals,
 Everything the English grow
 They may send to this great show.
 Then in section number two,
 We will show what steam can do ;
 Machinery at rest there'll be,
 And the engines used at sea ;
 While machinery in motion
 Will give our foreign friends a notion
 Of the talent that appears

In our British Engineers,
 And may read a useful lecture
 In our naval architecture.
 Carriages you'll also find,
 And implements of every kind.
 Musical instruments so prolific,
 And surgical, and scientific;
 Patent inventions, many and various,
 Guns and weapons multifarious.
 In our section number three,
 A medley great will surely be.
 All our manufactured goods
 Are included in this class;
 Everything that's made by hand,
 Silks and satins, also glass;
 Fabrics, both woollen and mixed, beside
 Cottons and stuffs both printed and dyed;
 Shawls and lace
 Will have a place;
 Leather, paper and hair,
 And earthenware;
 Precious metals, watches, clocks,
 Hardware, tools, and grates, and locks;
 Wardrobes and beds, tables and chairs,
 With many miscellaneous wares.
 But you've heard enough, I'm sure,
 So pass on to section four,
 With sculpture and the plastic art,
 Pretty drawings new and smart;
 Statues, and models of celebrated buildings,
 Mosaics, enamels, with carvings and gildings.
 Thus, in rapidest succession,
 I have put you in possession
 Of the very numerous things
 Which in one our object brings.

So, having gone through every section,
 Now I want a good collection,
 The great expenses to defray ;
 And it rests with you to say,
 If, by large subscriptions making,
 You will help our undertaking."

Now are formed in all our cities
 Sub-executive committees,
 Who, in case of application,
 Will dispense all information
 To those who would go
 To take part in the show.

In general, the scheme's well received ;
 Though the croakers would have it believed,
 That the goods which others made
 Would destroy our English trade,
 By the "awful competition"
 At this "wicked *Imposition*."
 But 'tis answered, with more sense,
 "Let us see, whate'er the expense,
 What British art, and British hands,
 Can do compared with foreign lands ;—
 Let merit be the only test
 To decide on which is best."

Reader, are you fond of Scott ?

Yes you are, for who is not ?

Then the liberty we'll take,

From his "Lady of the Lake," *

To borrow a stanza ; but it also should be stated,

'Tis, to suit our present purpose, somewhat altered
 and translated.

SONG.

Success to the cause that in triumph advances,
 Honored and blest be its author's dear name;
 See how it prospers, 'mid changes and chances,
 Daily increases in power and fame.
 On may its summons flee,
 'Till those beyond the sea
 Bravely will help to assist in the show.
 So now, before 'tis long,
 All lands will join the song,—
 Long may Prince Albert live,—England's hero!

The Details.

All their hopes were not too great;
 For we're happy to relate,
 That the nations quick replied
 That they'd be much gratified
 To do what they could
 To make their show good,
 And well worthy of their station,
 And their several reputation,
 In the public estimation.
 The members of the Peace Society,
 Think it will be a sweet variety,
 That nations no more
 Should delight in war;
 But, burying all their animosity,
 Should join in the system of reciprocity.
 At home, first with one thing, and then with another,
 The Commission, between them, have plenty of bother.
 First, the subscriptions beginning to flag,
 Some in their efforts will also lag;
 And want of the needful cash, it seems,

Will put an end to all their schemes ;

'Till Peto, the contractor,

Of so many rails the factor,

Said, " I will guarantee

That the losers you sha'n't be ;

For, if you are, then I'll lay down

The sum of fifty thousand poun'."

This noble offer cheers their heart,

Fresh to business now they start,

'Gainst all obstacles to fight.

But their task is not so light ;

Bushels of letters arrive every day,

The Royal Commissioners to pray,

That they would reserve a space

For the goods the writers mention,

In the world's great meeting place

For manufacture and invention.

Next they have their thoughts directed

To what might have been expected,

Namely, what kind of a house they shall build

That may with such various things be filled.

So forthwith they advertise,

That they will bestow a prize

On that very lucky man

Who proposes the best plan ;

And, as for all the world 'tis meant,

So notice to all parts is sent,

That every one may have a chance,

His fame and station to advance.

Due time is granted for preparing,

So that none need be despairing ;

But all may be in a position

Then to join in competition,

Before Prince Albert's Royal Commission.

The Mansion House Banquet.

Now, Mr. Thomas Farncomb,
 Lord Mayor of London town,
 Thought to himself that he would try
 To gain a fair renown.
 So, for this mighty project,
 He said, "I'll do my part,
 And aid this Exposition
 Of industry and art."

Lord Mayors are fond of dinners,
 And Farncomb now did feel
 That a rare and splendid banquet
 Would best display his zeal.
 So, calling for his carriage,
 He went to Windsor straight,
 To ask the noble Albert
 To dine with him in state.

Prince Albert he consented
 To grace the festive board ;
 Then the Commissioners are asked
 To meet their royal lord.
 Next, Farncomb sends his footmen,
 And bids them go and call,
 From every town and city,
 The Mayors and Bailiffs all.

He said, 'twould give him pleasure
 To see them all to dine,—
 To meet his Royal Highness
 Who mooted that design,

Which was to test our progress
 In all that's for our good,
 That thus its varied objects may
 Be better understood.

SONG.

'Twas on a fine March day,
 We saw the Mayors' array
 All at the Mansion House ;
 And when the Prince he spoke,
 Not a word the silence broke,—
 All was quiet as a mouse ;
 When, winding up his noble speech,
 He said, this motto he would teach,
 Which they would think a beauty :—
 “ For this great Industrial Fair,
 England expects that every Mayor
 This day will do his duty.”

The good effects of this great meeting
 Were by no means quickly fleeting.

When each Mayor went down
 To his native town,
 A summons he sends
 To call his friends.

And when they had come, he tells them all
 The words Prince Albert had let fall ;
 And how he told them that they should
 Aid the project all they could.
 What his worship did relate,
 With these people had much weight ;
 And right soon they all agreed,
 Now to work in very deed.

The funds that in coming were so slow,
 Now thick and fast begin to flow ;
 Exhibitors are on the move,
 Their inventions now to prove.

The Building Plans.

But the day is drawing near
 When the building plans appear,
 All their merits to be weighed,
 And the best selection made.
 Weeks upon weeks will then be spent
 Searching their purport and intent ;
 A long and weary task it seems,
 When wading through the various schemes.
 Some for buildings very low,
 But as long as Rotten Row ;
 Some like the Monument in height,
 But in size a boudoir quite ;
 Some are round, and others square,
 But oblongs have the greatest share ;
 Through all these plans the judges wander,
 On their several merits ponder.
 But after all 'tis labour lost,
 And they find it to their cost,
 That some are too large, and others too small,
 While many they think will not suit them at all.
 So the whole are rejected, one by one ;
 But then comes the question,—What's to be done ?
 " Make a plan of our own," a member cries,
 " And bestow on the best of these a prize."
 The judges caught
 At this bright thought ;
 The pick of all the schemes they take,

And one grand compound of them make.
 In form it is both long and wide ;
 A middle passage to divide
 Two sections placed on either side ;
 Across will run another street ;
 And o'er the centre where they meet,
 Will rise a great gigantic dome
 That will surpass the one at Rome,
 And put St. Paul's quite in the shade,
 Of such a span it will be made.
 Here in this vast and central space,
 Sculpture will hold a fitting place ;
 While coloured glass the roof will fill
 Of this great monument of skill.
 Such was the building they agreed
 Would suit their object's utmost need ;
 And such the plan, that they contended
 Was the most to be commended.

The Complaints.

Whence was that wild despairing shout ?
 (We borrow the language of Milton)
 • And what is all this noise about
 The site that is not to be built on ?
 Go, ask the frequenters of Rotten Row,
 And they will make answer, " they do not know
 Of what Prince Albert could have been dreaming,
 When he began this precious scheming,
 Not to consider the grievous hurt
 They should receive from the dust and dirt
 The masons would be making,
 When they their rides were taking."
 Go, ask the dwellers in Hyde Park,
 They say 'twill make our houses dark ;

The landlords say, our rents 'twill lower ;
 The tradesmen, it will make them poor.
 Go, read the "Times," and nought its columns fill
 But loud complaints of all the monstrous ill
 That now in proud Belgravia's eyes
 From this great building will arise ;
 Pathetic tales of ugly brick and stone,
 Usurping trees which were Belgravia's own ;
 ('Twas only six were doomed to be cut down,
 But their sad fate is wailed by all the town) ;
 While the Commission's many foes
 Write, "Woodman spare that tree," in prose.
 The architects next, whose plans were refused,
 Writing long letters, the dome abused.
 And then the "Times," in its daily leader,
 For the wrongs of Hyde Park becomes the pleader ;
 And greatly this powerful paper delights,
 In explaining the beauty of various sites
 In various parts of the city ;
 And thinks it a very great pity,
 When these are decidedly best,
 To cut up the Park in the West.
 The general wrath by no means ceases,
 But every day the storm increases.
 All the Equestrians now give vent
 To their woful wrongs in this

LAMENT.*

And will they spoil our noble ride,
 The ladies' joy, the Guardsmen's pride,
 Who love to gallop side by side ?
 For thee, will none an effort make,—
 For thee whose life has been at stake,

Since thy fell doom Prince Albert spake ?
 But if on thee he builds his show,
 Defiance in his teeth we'll throw,
 And wail our famous Rotten Row.

It should not be supposed
 That Prince Albert's ears are closed
 To all this precious row
 The world is making now ;
 It weighs his spirits down,
 And makes him fret and frown,
 So, sitting with his Queen one day,
 And hearing what she had to say,
 He told her his care
 To a popular

A I R.

I remember, I remember,
 How my heart it used to glow,
 When together last December,
 We were talking of this show.
 Now that transient joy is fled, love,
 And I find it is no lark,
 When they say that bricks are red, love,
 And will spoil our fine Hyde Park.
 Her Majesty thought she would not be outdone,
 So she made her reply in words à la Bunn ;
 Adopting his style, so harmonious and pure,
 Though sometimes it may be a little obscure.

B A L L A D.*

Oh ! Albert, smile as thou wert used,
 When talking of this plan ;

* *Vide* Balfe's Opera, " Daughter of St. Mark."

For though our dome be much abused,
 We've yet the coming man ;
 Belgravia hates our stones and bricks,
 And gets into a pet ;
 But never mind this present fix,
 We'll have a building yet.

The Palace of Glass.

That her Majesty prophesied well,
 It is part of our duty to tell.
 But first we'll suppose
 That every one knows
 The Duke of Devonshire's name,
 And his princely Chatsworth's fame.
 Head Gardener to his grace,
 And Steward at that place,
 Is Joseph Paxton, F.L.S.,
 Who, in truth we must confess,
 Makes the gardeners all to stare
 At his splendid greenhouse there.

Last June, this Mr. Paxton *
 Was staying up in town ;
 But having done his business
 Was meaning to go down,
 When, meeting Mr. Ellis,
 A confidential friend,
 In chatting and in gossip
 The time they quickly spend.

They talked about our building ;
 They talked about the site ;

* For the narrative of the origin of Mr. Paxton's design, *vide* the Lecture delivered by him before the Fine Arts' Society, October, 1850.

And Ellis said that after all

‘Twould be a perfect fright.

“It is indeed,” quoth Paxton,

“A very bad design,

And if it were not now too late,

I’d send in one of mine.”

“Oh, would you though?” cried Ellis,

“At once then come and see,

Perhaps upon enquiring

Too late it may not be.”

They went, and found that only

Eleven days remained ;

For the subject of the contracts

Would then be entertained.

The first day, Mr. Paxton

Had other fish to fry ;

The second, sat as chairman,

A railway case to try ;

And, while the rest were thinking

What careful notes he took,

He sketched his building’s outline

Upon his blotting book.*

The meeting over, home he went ;

And straightway he began

The working out his plan,

Which he took so much delight in,

That he himself has said

He never went to bed ;

But all the livelong night he spent

In drawing and in writing.

* The identical blotting-paper sketch is placed in the Great Exhibition.

But now, perhaps, we may as well
 A word about his project tell.
 First, then (for masons alack ! and alas !),
 Paxton's design was a building of glass.

“Glass !” I hear a reader cry,

“That I'm sure is all my eye.”

No, 'tis glass, I do maintain it,

With iron pillars to sustain it ;

All the sides, and all the roof,

Of glass both thick and waterproof.

This building's dimensions are wondrously g
 In length, eighteen hundred and forty-eight
 Feet, and six hundred and fifty-six wide ;
 And into two parts the whole to divide,

A central passage is intended

To hold the works of art so splendid ;

While for nick-knacks,

And for gim-cracks,

Spacious galleries are erected ;

And to give the needful strength,

Iron girders, miles in length,

With the pillars are connected.

Then, Belgravia to please,

Paxton will not touch the trees ;

But his roof will so contrive

As to keep them all alive.

Now, my friends, we will not stop

To tell you more, but take a hop,

And find our hero in the train

Going back to town again,

Carrying safely in his hand

All the drawings he had planned ;

And in the carriage who should be

But Robert Stephenson, C.E. ?

And one of the Commission

For the Royal Exhibition.

"Oh, Paxton, how are you?"

"Ah, Stephenson, how do?

Why you're the very man

To whom I'll show this plan."

The Engineer the drawings took,

And gave them one deep-searching look ;

But, from the smile that lights his eye,

His mind they seem to satisfy ;

For this cursory inspection

Now is followed by reflection

On their every part and section,

And all their details well are weighed

Before his judgment he has made.

Then, taking Paxton by the hand,

He said, he would himself demand,

For this design consideration

And a close examination ;

For, though the time was very short,

It should receive his firm support ;

And even if the time were shorter,

He considered iron and glass

All their ugly brick and mortar

Would most certainly surpass.

Paxton his great delight expressed,

And hearty gratitude confessed ;

His friend was really very kind

So warmly thus to speak his mind.

"Euston square, Euston square,"

Shouts the guard of the train ;

They are there, they are there,

And more thankings are vain.

Stephenson starts for the Royal Commission,

While Paxton reflects on his present position,

And determines at once to go and call
On his friend, Mr. Fox, and tell him all.

The Contract.

Fox, Henderson and Co.,
Are Contractors, you know ;
And so 'twas but likely they should esteem
The wonderful merits of Paxton's scheme.
Loudly they praise its matchless beauty,
And Fox asserts it is their duty
All their efforts to be straining
(However short the time remaining)
A tender to make, for it would be a
Very great pity that this idea

Now should be lost,
Because the cost
Might not be known,
When it was shewn
In its plain condition
Before the Commission.

No sooner planned, than 'tis begun ;
In shortest time the work is done ;
The plans of course are very rough,
But still, notwithstanding, shewed enough
Of good and advantageous stuff.

Know'st thou that paper celebrated
Men call the "London Illustrated
News," which has a circulation
Throughout th' entire population ?

This paper, Paxton knew,
Would be glad to have a view
Of his great design ;

So he wrote a line,
 Begging the editor to exert
 Himself, his drawing to insert.
 The editor did so ; and every one said
 The great ugly dome would be knocked on the head.
 The public with one voice commended it,
 And wished, if Paxton had intended it,
 He had sent it in before ;
 For they thought it certain sure
 Its easy method of removal
 Would have gained it warm approval.

But now the Committee meet to decide
 On which of the numberless schemes shall be tried,—
 Which contract is cheapest, and which is the best
 (A difficult labor, it must be confessed).

After discussing the point a good deal,
Nemine contradicente, they feel
 That Paxton's plan, in very deed,
 Their monster dome must supersede.
 Laying aside the various tend-
 ers all their owners will offend ;
 But after all objections stating,
 And very much deliberating,
 They take the Engineer's advice,
 Resolving on the sacrifice
 Of all the schemes for the mighty show,
 Excepting that of Fox and Co. ;
 That, they consider, will combine
 The whole of Paxton's great design,
 And, as delay
 No longer will pay,
 At once they are as Contractors named,
 And Paxton himself is also claimed

To be, as we might well expect,
The sole and only Architect.

'Tis now the thirtieth of July,—

No time to waste,

But all must haste,

And “action” now must be the cry.

But yet their labor may be vain,

Unless a charter they obtain

To allow them to build on the site;

And, to settle the question of right,

They to Parliament must go.

But Parliament is always slow,

And if for more delays it tries

The whole affair 'twill jeopardise.

So the Commissioners got in a frisk,

Until the Contractors taking the risk

Of doubt and delay,

Offered, in spite of all expence,

At once in earnest to commence

The land to survey.

This quick possession of the ground

Does to their credit much redound.

And then they also guarantee,

Without the slightest extra fee,

To cover each defenceless tree

With an archèd roof of glass,

Which o'er the tallest elm shall pass;

The whole of the row it shall contain,

And cut the building just in twain:

Fountains and statues they intend

Shall with the trees in beauty blend,

While the arch an airy grace

Will bestow upon the place.

Now the labor is begun, without much more ado
The Contractors and Surveyors immediately fall to.

Fox, so dauntless and so brave,
Sets to work like very slave ;
One would think it would defy him
To labour eighteen hours per diem.*
But no, that length of time he draws
For seven weeks without a pause.
The levellings first to him they take,
From which the drawings he will make ;
Every line his hand has penned ;
Then his part it is to send
All these details to his friend
And partner in the whole affair,
Who the iron will prepare,—
Will cast the pillars and supports,
And order fittings of all sorts.
Here Henderson is independant,
And in these matters Superintendant.
Such was the systematic way
They did their work from day to day.
The work was hard, the time was short,
And energy their sole support.
Yet, when the Commons said they might
Now take possession of the site,
They did not wait
To talk or prate,
But sent out men to put up railings,
Or called more strictly “ wooden palings.”
The ground enclosed,
They then proposed
That the building be begun
By planting pillar number one ;

* *Vide* Mr. Fox's speech at the banquet given to him at Derby, June, 1851.*

And everybody went
 To see the great event.
 'Twas planted some time in September,
 But the day I don't remember.
 Soon 'twas followed by some more,
 Until they reached a good round score.
 The building then goes on apace
 Until it covers all the place.
 So will we leave it to its fate,
 Another story to relate.

The York Banquet.

The Mayors that had partaken
 Of Farncomb's splendid feed,
 Begin to think 'twould be but right
 To thank him for that deed.
 But thanks are not substantial,
 Although they may be well ;
 A dinner is a better thing
 Their gratitude to tell.

Now York is second city,
 If London be the head ;
 So there the Mayors decided
 To give this jolly spread.
 For cash to pay the damage
 They scour the country round,
 And letters write to every Mayor
 To beg him for ten pound.

Farncomb was asked ; and said, " to dine
 Would give him great delight ;"
 And next the Mayor of York goes up
 Prince Albert to invite.

His Highness was most happy
 To patronize the Mayor ;
 And all the Royal Commission
 Agreed to meet him there.

The splendour of the feast
 Could not be well increased ;
 Indeed it was a treat
 For those who dainties eat ;
 For great Alexis Soyer
 Proved an excellent employé,
 And made the heads of costly fish
 Become a hundred-guinea dish ;
 All of the most recherché kind,
 And suited to a gourmand's mind.
 But better far than entremets,
 The worthy guests will truly say,
 Was the speech Prince Albert made,
 And the great good sense displayed
 In the touching tribute paid
 To the memory of Peel,
 Who had laboured with such zeal
 For the project's lasting weal.
 The thing was done with so much grace,
 The noble heart you well might trace
 Throughout that splendid speech ;
 And then his masterly review
 Of Peel's capacious mind, anew
 Some lessons seemed to teach.
 Thus the banquet passed off with success,
 And deserves in our tale to possess
 A very proud position,
 As concerns the Exhibition.

The Building.

But turn we now to Rotten Row,
 Where Fox, Henderson and Co.
 With their building are proceeding,
 And some hundred hands are needing,
 Who work with such avidity,
 And wonderful rapidity,
 You'd think some magic art
 Made each to do his part ;
 But Paxton was the sole magician
 That could assist this Exhibition.
 Of his great talents we have proof in
 The Paxton gutters, and the roofing,
 The "ridge and furrow" named,
 And now so justly famed.
 But while the works do now advance,
 The roof of glass is left to *Chance*,
 Who guarantees to make it
 That rain and hail sha'nt break it,
 While Paxton tries with all his might
 To make the fittings watertight.
 But, lo, the time is drawing near
 When Fox's powers will appear :
 The monster arches must be raised
 Before the roof can well be glazed.
 If the Engineers you ask,
 All will say it was a task
 That well might puzzle Fox's brains ;
 But with the Hendersonian cranes
 Impediments he overcame,
 And added lustre to his name ;
 For every man the skill shall praise
 That sixteen arches then did raise,

And all within eight working days ;
 And we will tell our own posterity,
 Of Fox's marvellous celerity.

The arches they the Transept call,
 A title now well known by all.

Soon the trees are covered over,
 And may be said to live in clover,
 With o'er their heads such sure defences.

The work of glazing next commences,

And employs a perfect crowd

Of men, who gather like a cloud

The roof about

Inside and out ;

On a stage securely seated,

They work away until completed ;

And you'll find some hundred more in

Putting down the Paxton flooring.

Their method of work is very prime,

And all is done in quickest time.

Another thing now has attention

To prove artistical invention,

And that is, how to paint the building,

Arrange the colours and the gilding.

The plans on view

Were not a few ;

But 'twas by every judge confessed,

That Owen Jones's was the best.

His scheme was very gay and bright,

Its leading features blue and white,

While to make the colours mellow,

He interspersed a little yellow ;

To give the whole a cheerful light,

And a pleasant warmth to shed,

All the hangings were of red.
 Artists there were who did abuse
 The combination of these hues.
 But in his plan Jones perseveres,
 A signal failure never fears ;
 And, spite of prejudiced complaint,
 Proceeds at once the roof to paint.
 The building now being covered in,
 Receiving goods will soon begin ;
 And extensive preparations
 Are being made by foreign nations,
 Stalls and counters to erect,
 To show their goods with best effect.
 While these are proceeding from day to day,
 Glaziers and painters are making way,
 And never shirk
 Their proper work.
 But 'twould, I know,
 Be voted slow,
 Were I to tell,
 In rhymings well,
 The work got through
 And what they do
 In the next three months, I fear,—
 'Twas now the second of the year.
 Painting of inside, and painting of out ;
 Painting of columns and girders throughout ;
 Exhibitors coming and taking possession,
 And goods being received in rapid succession.
 Sappers and Miners are opening cases,
 And putting the things in their pre-arranged places.
 Some of the countries proceeding fast,
 And some hanging back until the last.
 And oft the Commissioners have to remind them,

That promises given must certainly bind them
 To open at the proper day,
 The long-expected First of May.

The Troubles.

Then foreign Committees begin to fight
 About the several nations' right
 To have priority ;
 While the majority
 Make such a fuss
 Their claims to discuss,
 That the Commission is quite in a hobble
 How to get out of this jealousy squabble,
 And have some idea of calling police
 To come and assist them in keeping the peace.
 But scarcely does this ferment cease,
 When a base malicious doubt
 Their opponents spread about
 The building's stability
 And general utility.
 Sibthorp hopes 'twill tumble down
 Right on Albert's fated crown ;
 And wiser men than he confess
 They think it is a precious mess.
 The roof begins to leak,
 And Paxton has to seek
 Something new to stop the gaps,
 And prevent more dire mishaps ;
 But he may spare his zealous pains,
 Because the next time that it rains,
 Of further leaks the roof complains.
 And next, the birds that fly in air
 Their part in all the troubles bear.

Before the roof with glass was filled,
 The birds began their nests to build
 In those most convenient hollows
 That Paxton meant for ventilation ;
 But in the sparrows' estimation
 Are for houses surely best.
 So in consequence it follows,
 That having built a nest
 With progeny they're blest ;
 And the little ones are fed
 With the scanty crumbs of bread
 The workmen leave behind
 When they themselves have dined,
 Which really was not kind,
 For crowds of birds are most annoying
 When the men are now employing
 All their efforts sure and steady
 To get the Crystal Palace ready.
 But how to get rid of the birds is the question,
 And every one offers some weighty suggestion.
 "Shoot them !" cries one, but that won't pass,
 As risking the safety of Paxton's glass.
 Another wants to shoot the sparrows,
 By using little bows and arrows.
 A third proposes the whole to get
 Into a vast extensive net.
 And other people talk
 About the sparrow-hawk,
 Which should clear the spacious place
 From all the hapless feathered race.
 "Hubble, bubble,
 Toil and trouble,"
 We may say very well
 The Commission befell.

But notwithstanding interference,
 It keeps to its motto "perseverance !"
 In their own convictions strong,
 Its members say with an anciente

SONG E.

Shall we, wastynge in despaire,
 For the little sparrows care ?
 Shall we let our project droppe
 Because the leakage will not stoppe ?
 Or because old women frowne
 And say our house will tumble downe ?
 No : unless the proof we finde,
 Let us work and never minde.

In spite of all rumours so base and unfounded,
 The contractors work on with a spirit unbounded ;
 And, spite of Exhibitors' delay,
 They still intend the First of May
 Shall be the splendid opening day ;
 And spite of our neighbours' informality,
 The watchword of England is Punctuality.

The Completion.

The month of April all has changed ;
 More than half is now arranged.
 The lazy ones work like very bricks
 Not to be left in an ugly fix.
 For counters there's been such consumption of wood,
 The carpentering trade was never so good.
 The last few days their efforts all redouble,
 To finish then their Exhibition trouble ;

And certainly such an active scene
 In all our time has never been ;
 Nor such thousands of workmen of every kind
 Meeting together again will you find ;
 Of every tongue and land and nation,
 Every grade
 And every trade,
 All engaged in preparation.
 The sturdy smiths, and Manchester weavers,
 And Frenchmen who wear those napless beavers ;
 All our labouring sons of toil,
 And those who work a foreign soil ;
 Germans, Italians, and also Swiss,
 Meeting together in perfect bliss.

But now perhaps we might be heard
 If we were to say a word
 About each country's chief position
 In this wondrous Exhibition.
 When the building first we enter,
 We see a passage down the centre,
 Which, if you please, the Nave we call.
 Here sculptures are and statues tall,
 Trophies of manufactured goods,
 And one of prime Canadian woods.
 Fountains and models of buildings we pass,
 And specimens also of rich plate glass ;
 And in the centre Osler's fountain,
 That rises like a crystal mountain ;
 Its graceful form and bright material,
 Bestows a splendour quite imperial.
 Indian palms in close proximity,
 English elms in grand sublimity,
 Fill the spacious Transept's height,

And add fresh beauty to the sight.
 The space from here, proceeding west,
 Is all by Britain's art possessed ;
 All the Machinery on the north,
 Her leading talents setting forth ;
 While on each side of the Nave,
 Her manufactured goods so brave.
 And on the south, we have varieties
 For Agricultural Societies ;
 And likewise every raw production,
 In which our minds may gain instruction
 In all that the soil of our native land
 Does for supplying the people's demand.

In the galleries above

Smaller articles are shewn ;

And an organ most gigantic

In its glory quite alone.

Near the Transept in a cluster,

All our Colonies make muster ;

And India has been very active

To make her show the most attractive.

Starting again towards the east,

First we come upon a feast

Of Chinese lamps and lanterns gay ;

Persia and Turkey in bright array.

Things from Brazil and the Portuguese,

Goods from the Isles beyond the seas.

Egypt and Greece their productions have sent,

And Tunis, a great Arabian tent.

Next, the Spanish portion leads

To that allotted to the Swedes.

Denmark and Holland are very small,

The latter you can hardly find at all.

France has a very large domain,
And close to its bounds the Switzers reign.

Italian States will soon appear,
And Belgium, too, is very near.

Austria, then, will claim attention,
Sculpture and furniture to mention.

The German States we will combine
In one great name, the Zollverein.

After Prussia

Next comes Russia,

Whose splendid malachite displays
Will best deserve admiring gaze.

Then in a large but empty space,
United States will hold a place ;

But Hobbs will give our smiths a knock,
By picking Bramah's patent lock.

And here, having reached the eastern door,
We have concluded all the floor.

The arrangement of goods is exactly the same,
As that which in England at first we did name.
In the galleries above are things miscellaneous,
And not a small number are very extraneous.

Here let us end our rapid glance,
And our tale we will advance

To the busy bustling eve
Before Prince Albert's hopes receive

Their final consummation

In the grand inaguration

Of all his labours vast and great

By her Majesty in state.

The live-long morn all persevered

Until at two the place was cleared ;

For then the Contractors had plenty to do,
The length of the building with mattings to strew ;

Seats to erect,
 From whence to inspect
 The splendid scene ;
 While for the Queen
 And her children alone
 A magnificent throne ;
 And a canopy, too, of amazing height,
 With gold and with colours so richly dight.
 Moreover, to sweep up the rubbish and shavings,
 And all the Exhibitors' various "lavings ;"—
 But all was done by Fox's powers
 Within a few quick fleeting hours.

The Inauguration.

That night how many watch did keep !
 How few there were enjoyed much sleep !
 How oft from nice young ladies that entreaty you may hear,—*
 "If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear ;
 For I must wear my new visite, and don my bonnet gay,
 To go and see the Queen, mamma, this joyous first of May."
 Even now, while yet 'tis dark,
 Many had mustered in the Park ;
 And scarcely did the daylight break
 When all the city was awake.
 There were early breakfasts in Belgrave Square,
 Though breakfast at seven St. James can't bear ;
 Likewise St. Giles was up and moving,
 The great occasion well approving ;
 And artizans from eastern Bow
 Off to the Park a-maying go.

* *Vide* Tennyson's "Queen of the May."

Father and mother, and chicks hand in hand,
Making their way along the strand,

Lines of carriages they meet

Extending far in Regent street.

Tramp, tramp down Piccadilly

("Oh, my dear, where's little Billy?")

"Oh, there he is a mile a-head

With Sally, and with little Ned").

Then in the Park along the grass

They wait to see their Sovereign pass ;

Such thousands of people had never been

Waiting to see their gracious Queen.

Numbers, of elm trees take possession,

Better to see the royal procession,

And there, from before the clock strikes seven,

They patiently waited till after eleven.

The doors of the building were opened at nine,

And then the sight was very fine ;

Such a rush,

And such a crush,

Of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen too ;

And of all who were present, it is most true,

Each had a share in

The pushing and tearing.

The ladies rushing to get at the seats

Perform the most wonderful racing feats ;

Their husbands and lovers,

Their fathers and brothers,

All standing behind

You'll be sure to find.

At ten, the Officials begin to arrive,

And all for the best of the places strive.

The Royal Commissioners come in a crowd,

And of what they've accomplished seem rather proud.

Nor very long have they to wait
 Ere come the Ministers of State ;
 The Sheriffs and Mayor
 Are also there ;
 And the Committees
 From foreign cities.

In groups around those nobles stand,
 The greatest people in the land.

But now we hear the cheers without,
 A long enthusiastic shout,—
 Our Sovereign and her Consort come !
 And all immediately are dumb.
 All conversation straight doth cease ;
 But hardest task have the police,
 Whose minds are almost on the rack,
 In getting the people to stand back.
 And scarcely is the passage clear,
 When, from the northern door appear,
 And entering now the crystal fane,
 The Queen, the Prince, and children twain.
 Now see that vast assemblage rise !
 Now hear the cheers that rend the skies !
 And that one shout, "God save the Queen !"

And, prithee, gentle reader say,
 If e'er such spirit-stirring scene
 Has been enacted in our day ?
 Behold that Prelate hoar and grey
 How fervently he now doth pray.
 And see how reverently all stand,
 And earnest hopes express,
 That it may please the Almighty hand
 Their project now to bless.
 And list ! the choirs their voices raise

In that sublimest song of praise,
 The Hallelujah Chorus.
 Its solemn sounds touched every heart,
 And made it seem the grandest part
 Of all the scene before us.

But now the Queen her throne ascends,
 The Prince before his Sovereign bends,
 And with the Royal Commission
 Takes up the chief position,
 And reads a report,
 By no means short,
 Of all they have done
 Since the work was begun.

A Catalogue Prince Albert took,
 And hands her Majesty the book,
 Who graciously her thanks expresses,
 And warmest interest confesses
 In the mighty undertaking
 Whose commencement she was making.

 Then leaving her seat
 In order meet
 Proceeds to travel down the Nave.
 First come the heralds, with tabards so brave,
 Then Paxton, who acts both as leader and guide,
 With the active Contractors on either side ;
 And proud may that gallant trio feel
 At this crowning reward to all their zeal !
 The Foreign Commissioners follow next,
 Looking by no means troubled or vexed ;
 But filled with delight
 At the glorious sight.
 Enjoying, too, the proud fruition
 Of all their hopes, the Royal Commission

Walk on with many thoughts of pleasure.
 And then with slow and stately measure
 The Embassies from foreign lands ;
 And he who all our arms commands,
 A soldier to his country true,
 The veteran chief of Waterloo.
 Next come the Ministers of State,
 Who seem with gayest hopes elate,
 So joyfully they chat and talk.
 But why do the Stewards backwards walk ?

The loud tumultuous applause
 Proclaims the all-exciting cause.
 Behold the Queen of Albion's land,
 Who leads old England's youthful pride,
 Her Consort walking at her side,
 His daughter taking by the hand.
 Through all the glittering mass
 The royal party pass.
 Loud and deafening are the cheers
 Where'er her Majesty appears.
 In joy Prince Albert sees the end
 Of what his thoughts did first intend ;
 And sees the consummation grand
 Of all his brightest hopes had planned ;
 Beholds the crowds that line the ground,
 And lowly bends to all around.
 Again ! again ! and yet again !
 The cheers that meet that regal train.
 As marches on the royal procession,
 The pealing organs in succession
 Take up the strain in noblest time,
 To make the whole effect sublime.

And now, this expedition ended,
 Again the Queen her throne ascended ;
 Again the same right loyal scene !
 Again that hymn, " God save the Queen ! "
 Breadalbane's* voice aloud proclaims
 " THE QUEEN THE EXHIBITION NAMES ! "

I' Embay.

Dear reader, I have finished
 My self-appointed task,
 And now your good opinion
 I almost fear to ask ;
 But yet, when men are working,†
 And labouring at their toil ;
 When husbandmen are ploughing,
 And turning up the soil ;
 When gossips after dinner
 Begin to sip their wine ;
 When little boys are learning
 Their history, line by line ;
 When ladies in the drawing room
 At " tea and scandle " prate ;
 When men are talking gravely
 About affairs of state ;

* The Lord Chamberlain.

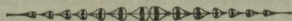
† *Vide* Macaulay's " Horatius."

Contractors then shall tell us,
That Fox will all surpass ;
And men shall speak in wonder
Of PAXTON's house of glass ;
While all shall praise the noble PRINCE
Who well his part has done
In this splendid EXHIBITION
OF EIGHTEEN-FIFTY-ONE.

BRISTOLIENSIS.

Good the

THE PALACE
OF
Universal Labour.



LINES

SUGGESTED BY

THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF 1851.

By EDWIN OWEN JONES.




LONDON:

J. O. CLARKE, PRINTER, 121, FLEET STREET, AND RAQUET COURT.


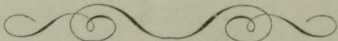
26.11.64.

THE PALACE



"Labour, patient, peaceful Labour, that from the closed gates of Paradise went forth weeping into the thorny wilderness of life, and traced it with the red pathway of her bleeding feet—Labour, hopeful, unassuming Labour, that had made bricks without straw in Egypt, and lain pale and hungry, and begged for crumbs on the door-stones of palaces which her peeled hands had filled with treasures and dainties more than the eye and appetite of ungrateful luxury could enjoy—Labour, that had walked and worked her way through the barbarism and feudalism of the past, with the fetter-prints of bondage still fresh and crimson around her limbs,—meek, lowly-minded Labour, had come to her immortal *Now*. * * *

The lines of the Great Exhibition, and the annual Peace Congress of Christendom, have already merged into the same highway of peace and harmonious brotherhood."—ELIHU BURRITT.

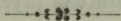


Audit Office, Somerset House
25 May 1854.

The writer of the enclosed lines
having been informed by a friend
that Mr. Dilke is collecting the
various essays poems epigrams &c
relating to the Great Exhibition of
1851 respectfully requests his ac-
ceptance of this humble attempt
at verse, which was originally printed
for private circulation, but of which
Mr. Dilke is at liberty to make
any use he pleases.

[Faint, illegible handwriting, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

The Palace of Universal Labour.



'Twas in summer evening's vision,
When repose, with dreams Elysian,
Shrouds in sleep the cares of day,
I a palace saw, in glory
Far excelling all that story
Did in prose or verse portray ;

Not the dome of Kublai Khan,
That in dreams a minstrel sang,
Inspiration on his tongue :
Nor the lucid hall of ice,
Catherine's unique device,
By another poet sung ;

Yet, in truth, a hall translucent ;
Crystal seemed its walls pellucid,
And its roof as clear as air ;
Lofty trees within were growing,
Bright ethereal fountains flowing,

Gems of peerless price were there ;
There displayed were fabrics splendid,
Porcelain bright, and sculptures rare ;
Tapestry on high depended,
And, through aisles that scarcely ended,
Vistas lost in distant air,
Midst melodious music playing
Were there countless myriads straying,
Each unto the other saying,

“ Nought was ever seen so fair !”

For, on all around extended,
Years of toil had been expended,
Years of patient Labour, ended
In a crown for all her care !

Labour, that in bygone ages
Had been spurned by kings and sages,
Oft denied her rightful wages,

Often forced to toil in chains ;
Labour, whom relentless malice
Had excluded from the palace

Finished by her care and pains,
To pursue a footpath dreary,
That her wounded feet and weary

Blood-bedewed with crimson stains ;

Labour, so it seemed in vision,
Had to exaltation risen,

Care was banished from her brow ;

On a joyous May-day morning
Princes came to her adorning,
And the great, no longer scorning,
 Hastened at her shrine to bow ;
All things useful, all things pleasant,
Have a grand auspicious Present,
 Glorious in its when and how ;
So, whilst Peace, her kindred neighbour,
To a spade transformed a sabre,
Weary, worn, industrious Labour
 Came to her immortal Now !

Of the vision 'twas opinion
That a Sovereign, whose dominion
 Never sees the sun go down ;
Of King Alfred the successor,
Of the emerald isle possessor,
And of whom was predecessor
 Bruce, distinguished in renown ;
(At the last, may Heaven bless her
 With a more unfading crown !)
Happy in domestic station—
Happy in the approbation
Of a free and loyal nation,
 Who beneath her sceptre bow—
Midst extended acclamation,
Led the grand inauguration,

And achieved the coronation
Of industrious Labour's brow !

For, it seemed, a Prince illustrious
Had, to raise the arts iudustrious

Rather than pursuits of war,
Although arms were his profession,
Given the idea expression,
(Verily a princely lesson,)

Peace and love were better far !
And, within this hall transparent,
Rendering that truth apparent

As the glorious orb of day,
Northern tribes and oriental,
Southern clime and occidental,
Useful arts and ornamental

Emulated to display :
O'er the battlement extending,

See their various flags entwined,
See their several colours blending,
Each the arts of peace defending,
All harmoniously contending

In illustrious strife of mind !
Distant be the day inglorious,
When, defeated or victorious,
On the battle-field uproarious

They shall ever be combined !

For, in truth, this Crystal Palace
Shadowed forth the time of good,
When, forsaking wrath and malice,
Men shall form one brotherhood !
In that future, seen afar,
The malignant Fiend of War,
Headlong from his hideous car,
To the lowest deep was hurled ;
Universal Labour's star
Beamed upon her flags unfurled :
Anarchy no longer raving,
Tyranny no more enslaving,
All those flags in peace were waving
From the Palace of the World !

Then at once the crystal casement
Shone from battlement to basement,
As the sun in morning prime :
Every pane, illuminated,
Blazoned emblems worthier sainted
Than on gorgeous windows painted
Of the mediæval time :
Hovering seemed bright immortals
Over works of every clime,
Floating through the fairy portals,
Singing in celestial chime ;

And though strains by angels sung
Far transcend a mortal tongue
To repeat in earthly rhyme,
Yet the lofty theme was still
As when Bethlehem's skies were riven—
“Glory be to God in heaven,
“Peace on earth—to men good-will!”

Whilst the angel voices blended,
Suddenly the vision ended,
As if with them it ascended
Where celestial glories beam;
And I thought, the scene Elysian
When referred to day's decision,
Though a summer evening's vision,
Was not all an empty dream!



Denmark Hill, Surrey,
1st November, 1851.

Sovereign of All!



Hymn for the Queen,

And

Welcome to All Nations :

A Contribution to the Great Exhibition of
1851.

Dedicated to Joseph Paxton, Esq.

By an Exhibitor.

London :

Misbet & Co., Berners Street, Oxford Street:

Sold by J. Mason, 66, Paternoster Row, and all Booksellers.

The Profits will be devoted to the Aid of Ragged Schools.

Price 4d. per copy.



TO JOSEPH PAXTON, ESQ.

SIR,

The sublime idea of the Crystal Palace, and its happy execution, will render its Projector's name immortal. It as much transcends the achievements of the carnaged field as the arts of peace do those of war. Not that this remark is meant to disparage, as by way of invidious contrast is sometimes done, the claims to public honour and gratitude of the two arms of our national strength, who, when occasion has called for their services, have so nobly done their duty. This Temple of Peace had never existed, had they failed the hope and expectation of their country in the day of trial. Our great naval commander died in the hour of victory. The hero of a hundred fights survives; and as his piercing eye makes delighted survey of a field far wider than ever conqueror scanned, or monarch ruled, he is met with an universal feeling of reverence and love second only to that bestowed upon *Her* on whom a happy and grateful nation delights to pour out all its heart.

The writer has endeavoured in this Hymn,—part of which he has appropriated to, and part composed for, the occasion,—to give expression to the principles of Loyalty and Religion. Of the prevalence of the former

no stronger proof could be given than the Exhibition itself has afforded. And the religious element has not been absent. The treasures of creation, and the products of man's industry and skill, on a scale surpassing all previous imagination, must have awakened deepest emotions in every thoughtful mind, and, like Jacob's ladder, afforded steps to travel to the skies.

The Palace is of fragile material, and man, the glory of creation, only a passing flower; but connect this building with the Architect of the universe, and place it as a grateful trophy at the feet of HIM who purchased us at a price that casts gold and gems into nothingness, it will be more enduring than marble, and strong as "the everlasting hills."

If a building reared by mortal hands, and filled with this world's treasure, be thus glorious, what must be the glory of the "house not made with hands,"—what those heavenly treasures which never fade away! Great is the honour to have originated such a building; and earth with one universal voice approves the undertaking. May HE in whose favour is life, say to you, when human plaudits cease to gratify, "*Well done!*"

Permit me to offer you this expression of respect, and to subscribe myself,

SIR,

Your obedient Servant,

AN EXHIBITOR.

Sovereign of All!

HYMN FOR THE QUEEN

AND

WELCOME TO ALL NATIONS.

SOVEREIGN OF ALL! whose will ordains

The powers on earth that be,

By whom our rightful Monarch reigns

Subject to none but thee,

Stir up thy power, appear, appear,

Thy Servant, Lord, defend;

Support thy loved Vicegerent here

And save her to the end.

Lo! on the arms of faith and prayer,

We bear her to thy throne,

Receive thy own peculiar care

The Lord's anointed one.

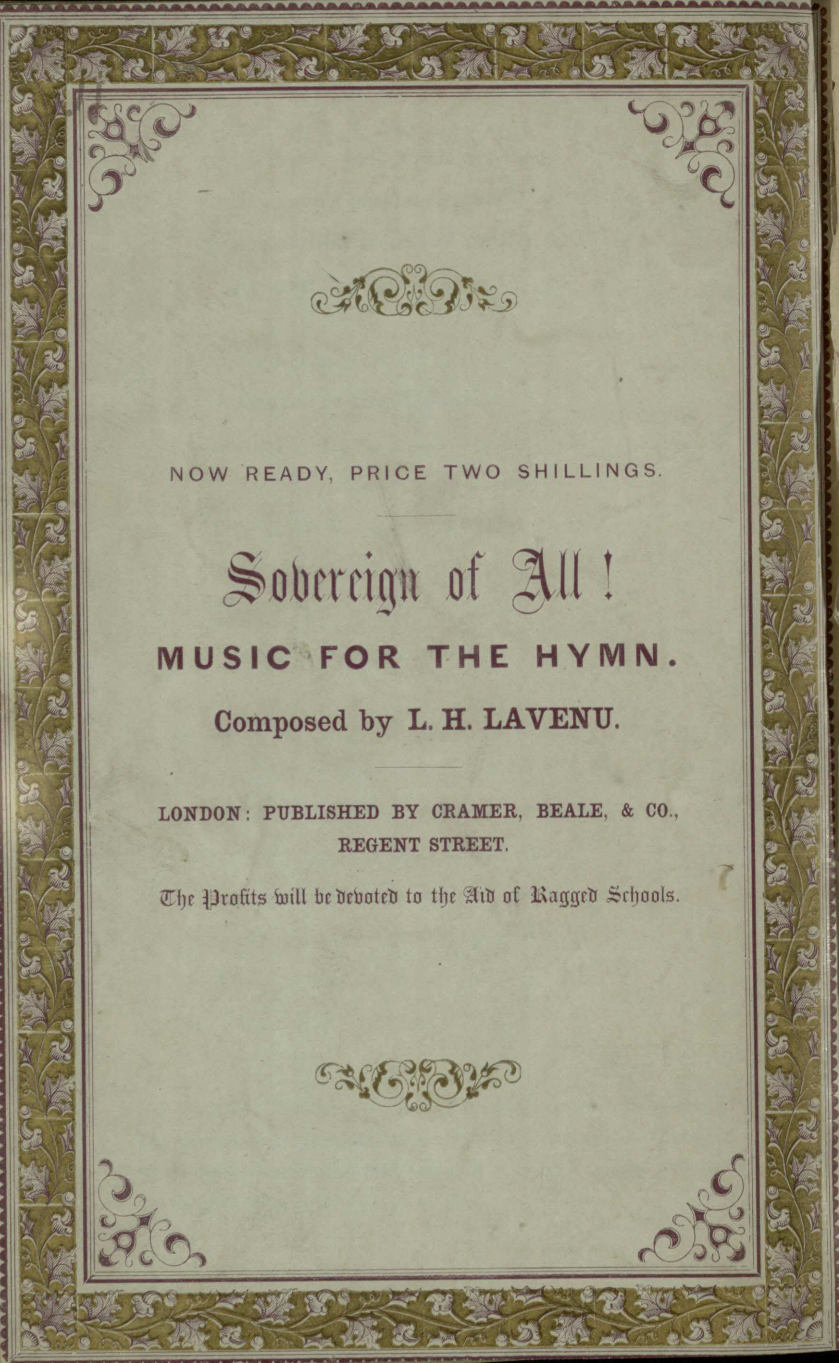
With favour look upon her face,
Thy love's pavilion spread,
And watchful troops of angels place
Around her sacred head.

Make her a blessing to mankind,
The foe to friend convert ;
Let man in man a brother find
And heart be knit to heart.
The world we welcome to our shores,
The branch of Peace extend ;
Plenty to all in ample stores
And blessings without end !

Here let perpetual concord dwell
Clear as this Crystal Shrine,*
With grateful love all bosoms swell,—
“My heart beats true to thine.”
Be this a Temple to Thy praise !
All nations learn the strain ;
Their tribute to Jehovah raise,
And hail VICTORIA's reign.

* The law of kindness obtains with nations as with individuals, and promotes and perpetuates amity. The tranquil lake reposing in its quiet, charms into peace the beholder, and reflects from its translucent bosom the hues and images of heaven.

W



NOW READY, PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.

Sovereign of All !
MUSIC FOR THE HYMN.

Composed by **L. H. LAVENU.**

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY CRAMER, BEALE, & CO.,
REGENT STREET.

The Profits will be devoted to the Aid of Ragged Schools.

ENGLAND'S LAMENT
OVER THE
DESTRUCTION
OF HER
PEOPLE'S PALACE.

A Poem.

BY R. C. SOPER.

*Mr. Olivierra it is our duty to
the printing of this.*



LONDON :

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY
THOMAS HARDY, 69, MORTIMER STREET,
CAVENDISH SQUARE.

—
1852.

ENGLAND'S LAMENT

OVER THE

DESTRUCTION

OF HER

PEOPLE'S PALACE

A PLACET

By R. C. SOPER.



LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR BY

THOMAS HARDY, 69, NORTHAM STREET,

CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1832.

ENGLAND'S LAMENT

OVER THE

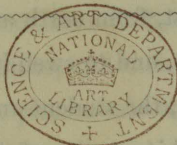
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ENGLAND'S LAMENT,

§c. §c.

WEEP, weep, ye sons of science, sons of toil,
Britannia's bulwarks, nobles of her soil;
Weep, mourn, lament, and let each tearful eye
Speak forth a nation's great calamity.
Seek not to hide your shame, all soon must know
Your height of folly, and your depth of woe;
Hence, cry aloud, and to the world make known
This damning deed is not a people's own.

A year ago, alas! the time how short.
Was rear'd upon your soil a work of art;
More rich, more lovely, and withal more grand
Than e'er was fashion'd by a mortal's hand.
In four short months it raised its mighty head,
And shed a lustre o'er its parent bed:
The world enchanted, received it with éclat,
Look'd on with wonder, and approached with awe.
From east and west, from north and south, there came
Myriads to witness, and to swell its fame;
The young and old, the student and the sage,
All flock'd to see this wonder of the age!
And as its happy architect appear'd in sight,
Each manly heart quick fir'd with wild delight;
Yes, then the fickle world on Paxton smil'd,
And seem'd enraptur'd with his beautiful child.

The sun went down, a cloud came o'er the sky,
 And wrapt' the earth in dark obscurity ;
 And while man slept, a demon sent from hell,
 Cast o'er this happy land a potent spell.
 The morn approach'd, and with the dawn was seen
 This hideous monster, whose malignant mien
 Had chang'd the face of nature, scar'd mankind,
 And left its prey to truth and reason blind.

The day broke forth, the noisome reptile fled,
 And hid in darkness his diminish'd head ;
 But, like a pestilence just pass'd away,
 Its gloom pervaded all the face of day.
 And truth and justice thro' a mist was seen,
 So dense and dark, as, that which once had been
 A noble edifice, of iron and glass,
 Now shew'd to view an incongruous mass
 Of something, nothing, which had seen its day,
 And waited only to be swept away ;
 And not long so, for ere the mist had clear'd
 Mens' hearts grew callous, and their minds were scar'd ;
 And to the world this piteous tale was told,
 That England and her Palace both were sold !
 Yes, that blest Temple, which so late had been
 Of England's nation, and of England's Queen
 The boast and pride, and the admir'd of all,
 Of earth's vast people, now was doom'd to fall !

Great God of Nature, who hath given to man
 The right to study, and the power to scan
 The glorious works of science and of art,
 And with his deep sought knowledge to impart
 Thy might, and majesty, and thy marv'lous love ;
 Look down, we pray thee, from thy throne above,
 And of thy gracious mercy, deign to heed
 Thy servants' prayer, in this, our time of need ;
 Lend us thy countenance, most glorious light,
 To see, and feel, and do the thing that's right.

Let not a clique, hostile to a people's cause,
 A nation's rights, her liberties, and laws,
 This rare Temple of Industry deface,
 Or load their country with such foul disgrace ;
 Custom may have taught the lordlings of the soil
 To live unmindful of the sons of toil,
 And the proud aristocrat to feel disgrace,
 In gazing on a noble plebian's face ;
 But thou, O God, doth no such difference see,
 All, all are thine who fully trust in thee.
 Hence, we implore thee, majesty divine,
 To this our prayer, thy gracious ear incline,
 Let customs perish, and let " Manners " die,
 But guard our palace with a watchful eye.

RICHARD COLTMAN SOPER.

May 1st, 1852.

collated mss.

6th/1/53